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The BYSTANDER
6D Riviera Number.

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Photograph *W. and D. Downey*

FOUR GENERATIONS OF THE ABERCORN FAMILY

We regret to announce the death in his seventy-fifth year of the Duke of Abercorn, which occurred in London on Friday last, as the result of pneumonia. His Grace was the holder of no fewer than seventeen titles, being a Peer in all three kingdoms, and a duke of France. The photograph, which was taken some years ago, shows four generations of the Abercorn family, the group comprising the late Duke, the late Dowager-Duchess, the Duchess, the Marquis of Hamilton, M.P., who succeeds to the Dukedom, and one of his daughters

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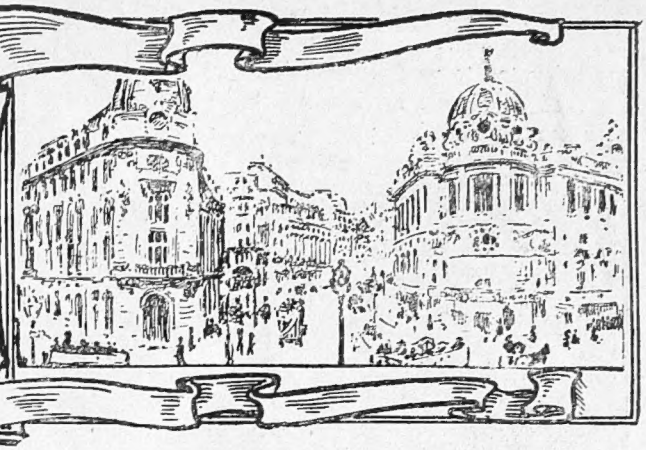
The Bystander in London



Self-Appointed

The Bystander has appointed himself his own representative, for this issue, on the Riviera. He feels no need to apologise for the fact that the central part of the number is devoted exclusively to that locality. The Riviera at this time of year is picturesque, which Great Britain is not; the people there are warm and contented, here they are not. In wintering part of ourselves South, we are cheerfully confident that Bystander readers will be with us—in spirit, if not in flesh.

* * *

London's Orgy

On New Year's Eve respectable London proceeded, in large numbers, to be unrespectable. It was encouraged in the process by the proprietors of all the respectable hotels and restaurants. The more unrespectably everybody behaved himself at the Bystander's own *réveillon*, the broader the smile of the presiding genius. The only class of the community who appeared a little surprised and shocked at the lapses from dignity and sobriety of the supposedly respectable were the supposedly otherwise.

* * *

Shocks—

If Dickens's type of the model of respectability, Mr. Podsnap, could but see the "young person" of his tender care as she was to be found—I hope by a trusty friend—on New Year's Eve, 1912, he would receive a terrible shock. And then, had Mr. Turveydrop been taken below to see the Turkey Trot!

* * *

—And Revolution

But it is not necessary to go back to Dickens's day to find those who would be surprised at present ways and manners. A traveller—particularly a lady one—returning after only five years in the wilds would have had her breath taken away by what she saw. One has to thank New Year's Eve for affording an opportunity of realising that a revolution has taken place not only in dress and *coiffure*, but in woman's whole scheme of existence.

* * *

An Untimely Controversy

To pass from rowdyism of the body to rowdyism of the mind, the noisiest thing in the newspapers has been the Food Tax controversy. How there came to be so inopportune a thing as this at a time when the party was doing reasonably well is no secret. The responsibility for the row is frankly that of Lord Northcliffe (the personal attacks on whom The Bystander strongly deplores). The chief proprietor of the *Daily Mail* and part proprietor of the *Times* has notoriously, ever since the last election, desired the dropping of the Food Taxes out of the Tariff Reform programme. It was this chiefly that led to the parting of the ways between him and his former henchman, Mr. Garvin. Well, then! Lord Northcliffe never opens any attack frontally. It will always be begun by "tendacious" news items, followed by letters from "readers," and an article by "Englishman." Then advantage will be taken of a public event to proclaim the *fait accompli*.

A CAPTAIN COURAGEOUS

(His Majesty has just granted the title of Captain to all Elder Brothers of Trinity House, of whom the Premier is one)

Asquith, R.N. (unconsciously plagiarising from another great sailor): "Kiss me, Hardie! I'm a Captain!!"

(By E. T. Reed)

* * *

Indecent Delight

The method in regard to Food Taxes was to boom the Trade Returns. The way this was done was not a little remarkable. During a week when attention should properly have been concentrated on the Peace Conference, then about to assemble, columns

Snapshots from Far and Near

were devoted to what our foreign guests must have regarded as almost an indecent display of delight over our unparalleled prosperity. Everybody knew what was going to follow—a desertion of Food Taxes. Directly Mr. Law made his unfortunate speech, out came the headline, "No Food Taxes," and the controversy began.

SUCCESSOR TO MR. BRUCE ISMAY

Mr. Harold Sanderson, walking in Liverpool to the offices of the White Star Line, of which he is the Chairman. Mr. Sanderson replaces Mr. Ismay as President of the International Mercantile Marine Company

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*

"Uncle Five Heads"

Immediately Mr. Garvin got to his desk. Out rolled the metaphors and down poured the invective. Lord Northcliffe was called Uncle Five Heads, and was accused of trying to "dictate" the politics of the Unionist party. The attack, powerful and brilliant as it was, did not appear to please the public. For, as it happened, Uncle Five Heads was saying with regard to Food Taxes what, rightly or wrongly, the greater part of the party were thinking.

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"Food Taxers"

It is said that the actual "Food Taxers" number only seventeen or so all told. This appeal to the weight of mere numbers is not very clever. After all, the point is not the quantity but the quality of the names. The seventeen include men without whom the fighting strength—and the finances—of the party would be poor. To be called "Food Taxers" by Unionist journals is, too, cruel, and a little treacherous. Food Taxes, like love in a man's life, are of Chamberlainism a thing apart; they are not its whole existence. Such misrepresentations ought surely to be left to the enemy.

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The Way Out

Peace, as I write, hangs in the balance. But nobody seriously believes that the war will ever be resumed—at Chataldja, anyway. Mark my words, some way will be found out of the Adrianople *impasse*, and the next sure thing in European politics is the admission of Turkey into the Balkan League—if, indeed, that and everything else has not already been secretly signed and sealed.

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The Ulster Duke

The new Duke of Abercorn belongs to a political family—his father and his four Hamilton uncles having all been Parliamentarians at various times and of various degrees of eminence—and his succession has made a stir in the political world, too. For it meant his retiring from the great Ulster constituency of Londonderry, and a fight for this always closely contested seat at the present moment "gets the limelight," and no mistake. The new Duchess, a daughter of Lord Lucan, is also a keen politician, and used to help her husband in his electioneering campaigns.

Photograph *Sport and General*

EGYPT'S JOINT RULERS

H.H. The Khedive and Lord Kitchener being "trolleyed" together to the opening of the great Assouan Dam

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K. of K.'s Ballroom

The smart crowds who have forgathered at Cairo in great numbers are looking forward with interest to one and two-stepping on K. of K.'s latest innovation—the new ballroom at the British Agency. For a stern bachelor, a man the foreign cartoonists once used to represent as having a Boer baby for breakfast every morning, Lord Kitchener certainly has some very bright inspirations. At Simla, too, it will be remembered, he started his military autocracy by building a ballroom!

NOT AN UNUSUAL ATTITUDE

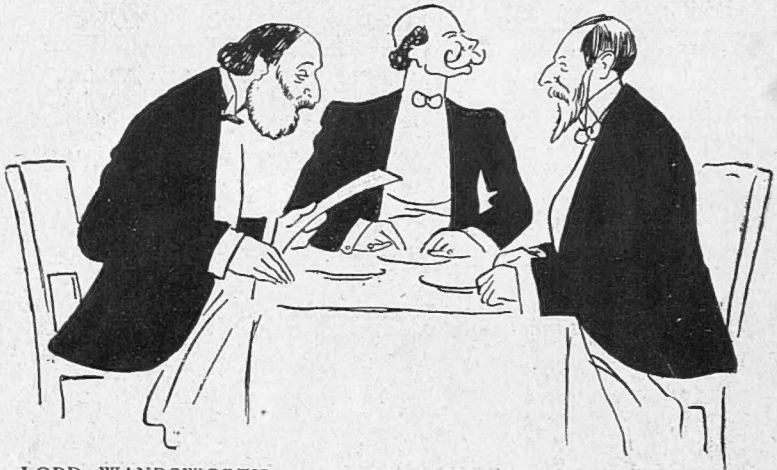
Lord and Lady Dalmeny crossing the racecourse at Hurst Park. We wish it could be our pleasure to "snap" his lordship in a less familiar and more important rôle

"Sem" On The Riviera

THE FAMOUS CARICATURIST'S VERY LATEST IMPRESSIONS

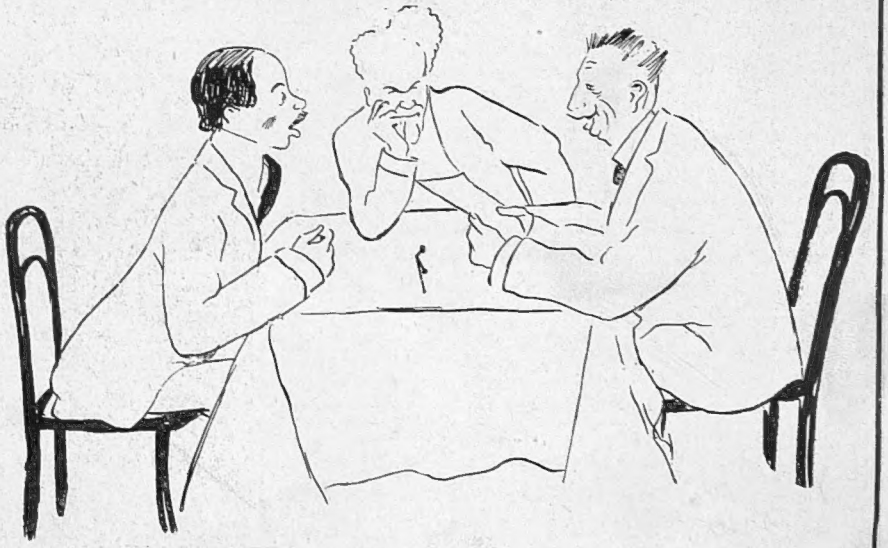
LORD HOWARD DE WALDEN

MR. GORDON BENNETT, THE MILLIONAIRE NEWSPAPER PROPRIETOR
(at Ciro's, Monte Carlo)



LORD WANDSWORTH LORD SAVILE LORD WESTBURY
(at the Hôtel de Paris, Monte Carlo)

THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL OF RUSSIA



M. SANTOS DUMONT M. HENRI ROCHEFORT THE DUC DE DINO
(at the Hôtel Métropole, Monte Carlo)

(From sketches designed by "Sem" on the Riviera for his forthcoming album, "Sem à la Mer Bleue")

Concurrently with "The Bystander," "Sem," the celebrated French caricaturist, is now on the Riviera, and he has kindly afforded us permission to reproduce above some of his very latest impressions of notabilities. We shall publish further "Sem" sketches next week

The Invalid Eye Again? (See Second Picture)

Who Were They

London seemed extraordinarily full last week. Of course, one knew the season was going to be earlier than usual, because of the early Courts, but this was something beyond expectation. Besides, the influx—mainly feminine—were too modishly dressed to be duchesses of the old school and not quite "last word" enough for the new. Suddenly we remembered! The sales!

***

The Fashion for Sales

THE BYSTANDER has already defied several of the hoariest traditions of journalism, and I'm afraid we must do it again and refuse to jeer at the sale crowds. After all, even the very best and smartest people still wear *something*—furs, anyway, whatever the weather—and with clothes at their present ruinous prices no woman of fairly moderate purse can afford to miss the chance of getting sixty guineas' worth for six! It isn't only middle-class femininity that you see at the sales nowadays by any means.

***

The Rush for Trousers

But while women's clothes have more than doubled in price in the past few years, men's things remain as cheap as they ever were. Is this, perhaps, the reason why women are seizing every pretext now to rush madly into trousers, notably at a recent fancy dress ball?

IN FLIGHT FROM THE FISCAL RUMPUS?

Lord Faber, proprietor, among other things, of the "Yorkshire Post," snapshotted at Monte Carlo. Despite his absence his journal is taking a prominent part in the Food Tax controversy

***

Royalty and Clothes

The tendency to extravagance in clothes certainly does not come from our present Court. Monarchs may either lead the fashion or remain above it; both Queen Mary and King George have chosen the latter course. Attached as they are to the comparative simplicity of life at York Cottage, one may imagine that it is with some regret that their Majesties regard the conclusion of their time there. And early next month, after the visit to Windsor, the King and Queen come to Town and make Buckingham Palace (still urgently in need of its promised "new face") their headquarters for a long while.

***

A Very Early Season

The season will thus begin even earlier than last year, when, owing to the Royal trip to India and the death of the Duke of Fife, the first Court was not held till March. King George and Queen Mary have effected a revolution, and a

THE INVALID EYE AGAIN?

The photograph looks alarming. At first glance it might seem as though Mr. Churchill were giving the "Invalid Eye" to no less a person than His Majesty. What it really is is a new tableau at Mme. Tussaud's, and what is taking place is an inspection of the latest design of a "Dreadnought," with Mr. Churchill standing by to answer questions. The other figure in the tableau is Mr. Tennyson d'Eyncourt, the Chief Director of Naval Construction

THE NEW YEAR AT THE ALTAR

LADY BEATRICE CECIL
Who is engaged to the Hon. W. Ormsby-Gore

MISS JOHANNA REDMOND
To be married this month to Mr. Max S. Green

LADY VICTORIA PERY
Daughter of the Earl of Limerick, engaged to the Hon. Luke White

HON. LUKE WHITE
Son and heir of Lord Annaly, engaged to Lady Victoria Pery

HON. W. ORMSBY-GORE
Son and heir of Lord Harlech who is to marry Lady Beatrice Cecil

IN spite of popular superstition, the year 1913 will, at any rate, be a good one so far as weddings are concerned. Among the most recently announced engagements are those of the Hon. Luke White, son and heir of Lord Annaly, to Lady Victoria Pery, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Limerick; and the Hon. W. Ormsby-Gore, son and heir of Lord Harlech, to Lady Beatrice Cecil, eldest daughter of the Marquis of Salisbury, while this month sees the marriage of Miss Johanna Redmond, daughter of Mr. John Redmond, to Mr. Max S. Green

Photographs G.P.U., Poole, Lallie Charles, Topical, and Sport and General

Entertainment Items of Various Kinds

very admirable one. In the old days, when the Court sometimes did not settle in Town till May, the short season was so crowded that one needed the constitution of a horse to "go everywhere and do everything," even in the most perfunctory way. Overworked chaperones ought to be particularly grateful to their Majesties, not to mention the tradespeople, who do twice the business now with half the overtime.

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Novelty at a Masked Ball

Monday, January 20, has been fixed for a Grand Réveillon and Masked Ball to be held at the Savoy Hotel. It is being organised by Mrs. Hwfa Williams for the benefit of the London Hospital, and should prove a success, for although masks are *de rigueur*, fancy dress is optional, and as no one will be obliged to unmask, not a little amusement should result. There will, however, be a prize offered for the most beautiful woman who chooses to unmask after supper, an original idea which should ensure every lady in the room unmasking. Many prominent people intend to attend, including Lady Ripon, Lady Juliet Duff, Lady Sarah Wilson, Mrs. George Keppel, if she is in Town, and not a few are engaging supper-tables beforehand, as the price of the tickets includes supper.

Photograph *Thomson*

LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE

The prominent Tariff Reform and Die Hard peer, who is giving a great pantomime at his country place on January 15. The piece, we believe, is "The Babes in the Wood," with Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. A. Chamberlain in the title parts, and Lord Northcliffe as the Wicked Uncle

THE BIRDWOOD-BOWATER AFFAIRE
TRUE STORY OF A RECENT LUNCH

The Bystander is able to give some further details of that little lunch party at the Constitutional Club recently mentioned in the *Globe*. Sir George Birdwood's letter to the *Times*, telling us how to attain more than our allotted years of three score and ten, attracted a good deal of attention; but when he referred to "bestial orgies" indulged in by the City magnates the wrath of Sir Vansittart Bowater, Alderman and future Lord Mayor, was aroused, and in an interview with a *Pall Mall* reporter he repudiated all such assertions. It is *rumoured* on good authority that what he really said about Sir George's letter was that it was all "damned rot"; but, then, interviewers must be discreet, and they do not always publish what they hear. A mutual friend, who knew there was no more likelihood of Sir George saying anything unkind of anyone than Sir Vansittart was likely to use such unseemly language, invited them both to lunch. The party consisted of Mr. Carmichael Thomas, who was the host, Sir Henry Wood, and the two authorities on what we ought not, or what we ought, to eat.

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Two special menus were prepared. One for Sir George Birdwood, who lives on the lightest food, ran as follows:

MENU

THICK TURTLE SOUP

LOBSTER SALAD

ROAST GOOSE STUFFED WITH CHESTNUTS
VEAL CUTLETS AND BAKED POTATOES

PLUM PUDDING. MINCE PIES

WELSH RAREBIT

PINEAPPLE

BURGUNDY, CORTON'S 1874
PORT, COCKBURN'S 1887
CRÈME DE MENTHE CURAÇOA

The other, which was prepared for Sir Vansittart Bowater, who is always ready to do his duty as a distinguished representative of the greatest city in the Empire, read:

MENU

PORRIDGE ECOSSAIS

BOILED PLAICE À L'EAU

PUDDING TAPIOCA

ORANGES

BARLEY WATER, 1912

The menus were gravely presented by the Steward of the Club as soon as the party seated themselves at the table, and an ominous silence followed as they were carefully studied. Sir George was the first to speak. "This is an excellent lunch, but it is rather more than I am accustomed to," he said with a certain amount of trepidation. "Roast goose stuffed with chestnuts is, I am afraid——"

"Roast goose stuffed with chestnuts?" remarked Sir Vansittart with some surprise, examining his own menu a second and third time. Then the host explained that he had prepared special menus for those of his guests who had "views," but Sir Henry Wood and he intended to rely upon the ordinary club luncheon. There was so much anxiety displayed by everyone to partake of that conventional meal that the special menus were relegated to the background, and this was done all the more readily when it was explained that they were only "dummies" and no such lunches existed. I hear that when Sir George drank everyone's health during the lunch he did not do so in barley water, and that he and the future Lord Mayor went off arm-in-arm chatting about the day when they both hope to be found thoroughly enjoying a bes——(I beg their pardon)—a civic feast at the Mansion House.

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The Admiralty Letter Bag

Answers to Correspondents. — "Anxious Admiral": Yes, it is true that Mr. Asquith and Mr. Balfour, so long without handles to their names in spite of some considerable eminence, will in future, as Elder Brethren of Trinity House, be officially styled "Captain," and rank *immediately after captains in the*

The Dual Entente

SOCIETY AND A MUSICAL COMEDY

"THE DOLLAR PRINCESS" PERFORMED BY LORD AND LADY CLIFFORD'S HOUSE-PARTY AT UGBROOKE, CHUDLEIGH: A GROUP OF THE WHOLE CAST

Not only matrimony but mutual attraction seems to be drawing Society and musical comedy closer together every day. So much so that Society and amateurs have begun producing musical comedy for themselves. It is only a kind of "quid pro quo" after all for the professional exponents of musical comedy have long been expert at reproducing the manners of Society

LORD AND LADY CLIFFORD ENTERTAIN A LARGE HOUSE-PARTY AT UGBROOKE, CHUDLEIGH

A group of the house-party, which included Lord Churston, Lady Churston (left of Lady Clifford, centre), Mr. Scott-Gatty (extreme right), Mrs. Delacour, Mrs. Claude Levita, Mrs. Scott-Gatty, Herr Von Spiegal, Mr. Patrick Kenny, Mr. Algernon West (grandson of Sir Algernon West), Mr. Frank Meyer (only son of Sir Carl Meyer), the Misses Benyon, the Hon. Lawrence Palk, Miss Nina Dickson

Royal Appointments: Home for the Edward Memorial

Navy. No, we are sorry to disappoint you. There are other Cabinet Ministers among the Brethren, but Mr. Churchill is *not* one of them.

***

Royal Household Changes

The succession of Sir Derek Keppel to the post of Master of the Household this month, on the retirement of Sir Charles Frederick, brings with it several changes in the Royal household, and, incidentally, further reduces the dwindling number of Guardsmen in His Majesty's *entourage*. The King has not the same preference of the Service as his for this decorative branch predecessors.

Photograph *Dickinson*
NEW MASTER OF THE ROYAL HOUSEHOLD
Sir Derek Keppel—a naval officer—succeeds to a post hitherto usually occupied by soldiers

***

Courtiers by Birth

One proposed change, however, is not to be made after all, for Sir Frederick Ponsonby, the Senior Assistant Private Secretary, is not taking up the Governorship of Bombay which was offered him, the King finding him too valuable to part with. If Lord Knollys retires shortly, as is expected, Sir Frederick Ponsonby could not possibly be spared. Sir Frederick, like Sir Derek Keppel, comes of a family that has been associated with Court life for generations. He is also an elder brother of Mr. Arthur Ponsonby, once hailed by Mr. Massingham—in an almost forgotten outburst of inspired irresponsibility—as the future leader of the Radical Party! Sir Derek Keppel is doubly allied to the Court, in that his wife is a daughter of that famous old courtier and close friend of King Edward, Lord Suffield.

Photograph *Taponier*
SIR FREDERICK PONSONBY
Possible successor to Lord Knollys as Private Secretary to the King. His reported appointment to the Bombay Governorship was not confirmed

***

Another London Statue

In Town, too, though it will not be "full" till near the end of the month, the reassembling of Parliament has already done more than merely bring Members back to their clubs. One of the most exclusive corners of clubland, by the way, will shortly be invaded by the preparations for the erection of the King Edward Memorial, for which a site has at last been found, between the Athenæum and the United Service. Let us hope the loyalty of the bishops and the colonels

Photograph] A HOME FOR THAT STATUE AT LAST *[Topical*

The site actually decided on for the King Edward Memorial is between the United Service and Athenæum Clubs. The severely political and diplomatic surroundings are to a certain extent appropriate, in view of one phase of the late King's career

Justice to Mr. George

HIS HOUSES MANY, BUT MORE MODEST THAN ALLEGED

Photo] Criccieth: Mr. Ll. George's Welsh home [*Mills*

Photo] 11, Downing Street, the Chancellor's official residence [*G.P.U.*

Photo

Sport and General

Newspaper Illustrations *Photo*

THE CHANCELLOR'S RECREATIONS

(It is complained that Mr. Lloyd George rides about in a sumptuous motor and plays the Royal and Antient game, the while he makes political capital out of the so-called idle rich)

Photo *Sport and General*

The new "Georgian" cottage at Walton Heath, Surrey, which the Chancellor will use for golfing week-ends

The Villa Dragonniere, Cap Martin, where Mr. George wintered last year

What we consider to be a gratuitous attack on Mr. Lloyd George has just appeared in a monthly review. The arch-enemy of affluence is accused of "doing himself" rather well, with his official residence at Downing Street, his "seat" at Criccieth, his "cottage" on Walton Heath, and the villa in which he housed himself when last on the Riviera: also he golfs and rides in a motor. The photographs show that Mr. George's residences are by no means either pretentious or picturesque, and we don't ourselves begrudge him his car and his golf

Kiderlen-Waechter : The French Election

will not be too severely strained by the necessary disturbance of their majestic peace. It would be a pity to remove the Duke of York's column instead, as somebody proposed. After all, it has one great advantage over most other London memorials—we can't see the statue!

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Not a Bismarck

Owing to the present mania in England for extolling, while fearing, the merit of everything German, the late Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter used to rank as a kind of Bismarck in this country. Nothing could be more inexact. Kiderlen-Waechter had, certainly, no touch of genius, and was merely a very sensible man, who tried to apply his good sense to diplomatic difficulties — without very much success.

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Papists and Pan-Germans

That was more his misfortune than his fault. For the task of a modern Secretary of State between the devil of the Centre Party and the deep-sea of the Pan-Germans is rapidly becoming an impossible one. As a matter of fact, the Pan-Germans never forgave Kiderlen-Waechter for what they considered his deplorable weakness over the Moroccan affair, any more than they forgave the late Freiherr von Bieberstein.

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Strong and Silent

And this made Kiderlen-Waechter, who aspired to play the part of the "strong, silent man," so popular in official circles appear somewhat ridiculous. For to maintain the tradition of strength and silence when your enemies are reproaching you for weakness and garrulity is a task by no means easy of accomplishment. However, Kiderlen-Waechter escaped from the Moroccan dilemma rather cleverly, for in the course of a long and by no means unchequered career he learnt many things, and especially that, if the German Emperor be on your side, it does not much matter who shall be against you.

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Photograph *Schumann*

THE LATE HERR VON KIDERLEN-WAECHTER

As he appeared last summer at Bad Kissengen, where he failed to effect as substantial a cure as everybody hoped. The vexation of the Morocco and Balkan crises hastened his end, which took place at Stuttgart on December 30th.

Then—

The Bystander is very much amused at the candidatures for the French Presidential Election. About a week or ten days ago it seemed as if there would hardly be an outstanding candidate for the honour in that nobody, probably because he dresses too well, seemed to take M. Deschanel quite seriously. There were even rumours of the dreaded Clemenceau putting up for election, based, apparently, on the fact that he was not included in the deputation that waited on M. Léon Bourgeois to try to persuade him to reconsider his refusal to stand.

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—And Now

Now everything is changed. M. Poincaré, himself, has announced his intention of standing, though it is said that his success as a Prime Minister will do much to spoil his chances, for good Prime Ministers have not been too common in France of late. But that is not the point. Directly M. Poincaré had declared himself, M Ribot made haste to announce his candidature, though he is, not only politically, but personally, on very friendly terms with the Prime Minister. So now it looks as if the Presidential Election would be overwhelmed with quite an *embarras de richesse*.

THEIR LAST CALL ON THE RETIRING PRESIDENT

French statesmen, diplomats, deputies, and others returning from their last New Year call on the retiring President (M. Fallières) at the Elysée

The Height of Romance

NIECE (to Aunt, who has appendicitis): "Oh, how fortunate you are; it must be a dream to be operated on by him!"

BY ABEL FAIVRE

The Housing of the American Ambassador

A Disastrous Impression

In any case, it is just as well for France. Nothing could be more disastrous than the impression that the most honourable office in the State was going begging. In certain quarters, the President is more or less an *objet pour rire* as it is. For instance, I remember meeting a French Nationalist on the occasion of President Fallières's last visit to England. Somebody was trying to be polite, and, expressing his genuine pleasure in welcoming France in the person of the President, asked what he thought of the President. Whereupon the Frenchman drew himself up, looked at the speaker in the most stony manner, and said in a high, thin voice: "*Fallières? Pooh. Il n'existe pas pour moi!*" The conversation then came to an abrupt end.

* * *

Diplomatic Panjandrums

Do we take our Ambassadors seriously? Even in this country, where we do our very best to take everything seriously, people lately have taken to uttering profane doubts as to the real value of the diplomatic Panjandrums who are traditionally supposed to be divinely qualified (without open examination) to hold the strings of international peace — and war. But, at least, we still pay our Ambassadors as if we believed in them. America—of late years, anyway—has made no such attempt to keep up this legend of an inspired hierarchy. It goes to the other extreme, and, frankly, gives the big posts to men who have no connection with diplomacy, but money enough to make a real "splash."

* * *

Why Not Bloomsbury?

The contrast is strikingly illustrated by the exchange of Ambassadors now in progress. Our Ambassador in Washington, where Sir Cecil Spring-Rice is succeeding Mr. Bryce, gets £10,000 a year. For his Ambassadorial residence alone, Dorchester House, the late Mr. Whitelaw Reid paid £9,000 a year—his actual salary being £3,500! The new U.S. President is said to be having some difficulty in finding a suitable man with money and brains in sufficient proportions for the post—the most probable candidate at present being Mr. Nelson Page, who has written a book and married a rich wife. But why restrict the choice in this way? Why not find a more modest residence—say in Bloomsbury, very central and handy for American visitors to London—and by doing things on a less ostentatious scale open the field to all the talent of the United States?

DORCHESTER HOUSE, WHERE THE LATE U.S. AMBASSADOR RESIDED

It is feared that the new American Ambassador, whoever it is to be under President Wilson, will not be able to keep up anything like the same state as the late Mr. Whitelaw Reid, a millionaire. The official stipend itself only enables the upkeep of a very modest establishment. Below we offer a few suggestions for desirable residences (addresses on application to this office), should President Wilson send a man of worth unaided by wealth

A FEW SUGGESTIONS FOR POSSIBLE AMERICAN EMBASSIES, SHOULD THE NEW AMBASSADOR BE COMPELLED TO LIVE ON HIS OFFICIAL STIPEND (see above)

Conventional Cupid!

GAIETY ONCE AGAIN TO BE LINKED WITH NOBILITY

Photographs *Bassano and Lafayette*

MISS OLIVE MAY, WHO IS TO MARRY LORD VICTOR PAGET (Inset)

So conventional an affair as the engagement of a musical-comedy actress to a sprig of nobility has, of course, to be recorded, with portraits. But it is high time Cupid gave us something more original to talk about. The bride-to-be is at present playing a leading rôle in "The Sunshine Girl," and the bridegroom-elect is the brother and at present heir-presumptive to the Marquess of Anglesey

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The BYSTANDER RIVIERA Supplement.

Edited, Written & Illustrated at MONTE CARLO.

TO THE RIVIERA

IN THE DINING CAR - - OF THE - - TRAIN DE LUXE

THE TRAIN DE LUXE CALAIS-MEDITERRANEAN EXPRESS is now running DAILY, and will so continue throughout the Season, from Calais to the Riviera. It is, as usual, composed of Sleeping and Restaurant-cars only, and runs in connection with the 11 a.m. train from Victoria (S. E. & C.), the Riviera being reached in 22 hours, without change of cars from Calais. Reservations should be made in advance and all tickets obtained from the

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The BYSTANDER in the SUNNY SOUTH

His Impressions of Places Visited and Things Seen.

Concerning the Climate

IT was decided that the editing of THE BYSTANDER Riviera Number should be entrusted to the one among them all who had never before been to the Riviera. It was contended that it was necessary to "envisage" the Côte d'Azur with new eyes, and that those Bystanders who had been to the Riviera were obsessed with it in some particular aspect. There were men who wintered there for social reasons, some who used it exclusively for sport, others who merely gambled, and a fourth section who despised all, and bore down upon you with the natural beauties and historic interests of the Riviera, its blue skies, red rocks, tideless seas, and zig-zag tracks, and so on and so forth.

A Riviera Number edited by any of these would outrage, by omission, the susceptibilities of the others. The Bystander who went down must be free from prejudices, and must have an open eye for all the possible Riviera interests.

I think it would have been better—for them—had they let me do it all at home, then. For being on the Riviera I have no interest at all save the simple desire to remain here. It is just the art of existing, enjoyed for the first time within the past twelve months.

The primary Riviera attraction is, of course, just that the sun shines there when it doesn't in most other places. Just now, as I write, it is pouring into the window of my room facing the sea at Nice—(I am staying at the Hôtel de France, because it is so central)—so warmly that I have not the slightest desire to dress. The roads below are white, the gardens are green, and the sky is its appointed and advertised Rivieran colour.

True, it isn't always. The day of my arrival was wet, but decisively wet. The Riviera had decided definitely that it would rain on this particular day, and rain, my word, it did! There was no equivocation about it. It started early, and it rained the clock round. The Rivierans, trying to cheer me up, assured me that to-morrow it would be gloriously sunny, and I disbelieved them. They were right, though. The sun did shine on the morrow, and has remained shining every subsequent day up till this one.

Having been here a week at the time of writing these notes, I can testify that I have actually lived during these seven days as I am quite convinced my Creator intended that I should sometimes live.

And the Journey

There is certainly no excuse nowadays, when quick transit is an actual fact, why those who can afford to get away should stay in the sunless British Isles, unless out of a morbid love of being moist. The Riviera is reached in a little less than twenty-four hours. One day stands between your climate and mine, and whatever day it is that you choose for the journey, mark it as a red-letter day. To enable me to arrive comfortably at

THE PROMENADE DES ANGLAIS, NICE

Nice, though it was founded as long ago as the fourth century B.C. by the Phocians, after a victory over the local mountain tribes, is now a large and populous city, enjoying many, if not most, of the amenities of a great European capital. There is little in the way of pleasure and recreation that cannot be indulged there, apart from its excellent climate and splendid sea-views

Nice, Cannes, and Menton

my destination, I was invited to make myself at home on the railway services of the S. E. and C., *via* Dover-Calais, and the C. f. du Nord to Paris, and the Paris-Lyon and Mediterranée from Paris to the Italian frontier, and to make myself more than at home on the *train de luxe* of the International Sleeping Car Company. Travelling in this way, Nice is from London a journey of a little less than twenty-four hours. Leaving London at eleven o'clock in the morning, Calais is reached at about two, and as soon after as may be, at all events well before three, the *luxe* steams out of Calais, and you need concern yourself with the affairs of the outer world no more until, next morning, you wake up on the Azure Coast, when your outlook on affairs will be metamorphosised.

A Gay Day in Nice

I spent my first day in Nice—the day on which it rained decisively—and came to the conclusion that Nice is just the place which the Riviera has saved up for a rainy day. I was taken to lunch at the Royal Hotel, one of the almost countless Ruhl enterprises (the ubiquitous Henry Ruhl has just added another to the list in the shape of the Menton Casino). The Royal, the Casino, and the Réserve are the places where "everyone" lunches at Nice, and are all three pretty nigh perfect in their way. The Royal is an especial favourite with *MM. les sportsmen*, and on a big race day tables are at premium. The Casino restaurant is managed by the famous Negresco, whose magnificent new hotel on the Promenade des Anglais—some say the finest in the world—has just been opened. The Réserve is a quaint restaurant right on the sea, where you catch your own fish—an amusing experience. Then a stroll round Nice to reveal to me what a place it is. Truly a sort of Paris, with its fine boulevard (the Avenue de la Gare) and its other shopping streets. Afterwards, the Jetée, where there was good music and—the tables. I played *boule*, backing numbers *en plein*, a fool's game in which I had the usual fool's success. The pursuit kept me until "cocktail-time," at which I proceeded to the Chatham Bar of the Hôtel de France. Here Englishmen in Nice find welcome and congenial "Bohemian" society. (Ladies are barred.) The latest story, the latest news, and the walls surrounded by a fine fresco by Sem and many caricatures. Plenty of cosy armchairs, a real "host" in the person of M. Ernest Weber, its proprietor, who talks English better than most Americans, and a most competent bar-tender known as Johnny, who has more than a primitive acquaintance with the art of mixing cocktails. Needless to dwell on the duration of cocktail-time, because impossible to time it exactly. It lasts just as long as it lasts. Dined at the Régence, where found a Parisian atmosphere, and Parisian cooking, also a good band. After that, the Casino. More music—operatic, and well done—and more *boule*—this time with not even a fool's success. Am impressed with the Nice Casino. One of the most spacious places of entertainment I have ever seen, and possessing a pleasantly interminable promenade. Admirable inducements not to play *boule*.

And after one has done playing it, one can flock over to Ernest, who provides a night-life as exhaustive as even the Berliner on the Bummel would wish it to be. Nice is also "so central." From it, nowhere takes more than an hour to reach, and the farthest necessary town—Cannes—is but fifty minutes.

A GLIMPSE OF THE "ADMIRALTY" RESTAURANT, MENTON

From which, while one refreshes oneself within, the loveliest views of the coast may be enjoyed without

A Glimpse of Cannes

Cannes, when the Bystander saw it, was distinctly quiet, but, then, Cannes, the fashionable, is always the latest of the Riviera towns to wake up. As a town it is undeniably beautiful, and since Henry Ruhl built its cosy Casino it boasts *all* the attractions a winter resort can offer. Cannes consists almost entirely of fine hotels and villas set in the loveliest of gardens. It boasts a promenade—La Croisette, which scarcely anyone uses, and its pretty little harbour has had the visit of half the finest yachts in the world. The life of Cannes in "high season," the Bystander was informed, is essentially smart. Cannes Society is led by the Grand Duke Michael and Countess Torby. The days are spent on the lovely links or the tennis courts and the nights at the Casino, where nowadays there is often a big game, and where, rumour has it, Mr. Balfour once took a baccarat bank and came out a winner. Cannes must be a glorious centre for excursions, for Grasse is near by, and the dark blue Esterel Mountains are within easy reach. A statue of King Edward, who loved the place, adorns the sea front, and the English stamp is affixed to pretty well everything in the place, though German signs, to be met with here and there, show that the natives of the Fatherland are beginning to invade the town, which owes most of its prosperity to the late Lord Brougham.

And of Menton

As to Menton—well, I am not a guide-book, but am here merely to say what I saw and did. I dropped down into it by motor, after lunch at the very charming villa of Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Williamson at Cabbé Roquebrune, the approach to which from the steep winding roadway resembles that by which one will one day perhaps—or perhaps not—reach the Good Place. A dip down into Menton at twilight is one of the sensations never-to-be-forgotten. But once there, it is again M. le Restaurateur who insists on giving me my view-point—the proprietor of "L'Amirauté."

VISTAS BY NATURE FRAMED

MONACO, FROM A VIEW-POINT ABOVE CAP D'AIL

MENTON: A VIEW OF THE OLD TOWN FROM GARAVAN

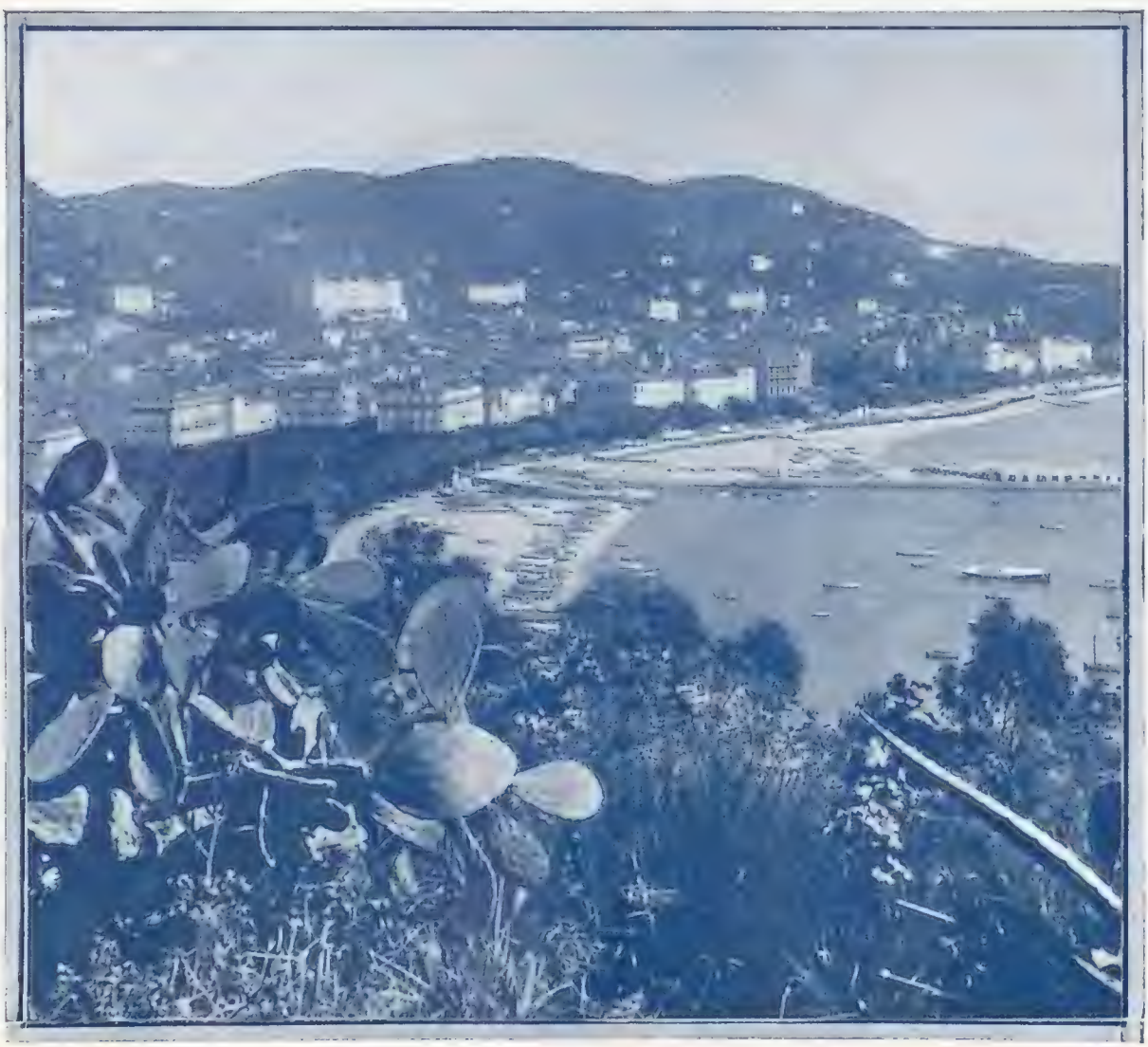
There are, probably, but few Rivieran "peeps" that have not by now been discovered by the landscape photographer. In the overhanging trees of the above two photographs, Nature has helped the artist by affording him an exquisite frame for the scene of his fancy

"Wintering" on the Riviera

Between the patron and his refreshment he finds—Paradise. To reach the business section of the restaurant, you must needs use the electric lift, and traverse the loveliest gardens overhanging the road, catching through the olive trees planted in the twelfth century glimpses of either side of the Bay of Garavan. The site of the Amirauté is that of the villa of Menton's first English colonist. It rejoices in numerous secluded nooks, one of which is occupied, if you please, by a bar—the Harbour Bar. To pass it by without a visit would be a vandalism of which the Bystander could not have been guilty, though he had no thirst at all. I have just been told by an *habitué* that Menton is, of all the Riviera spots, "just the one to stay at with your daughter." It is so good nowadays to know that the girl of sixteen has still somewhere to which it is possible to take her! Menton's new Casino is, I learn, doing much to liven up the place.

Wintering on the Riviera

It is not usual nowadays to talk of "Wintering on the Riviera," for the term suggests "doctor's orders." Nevertheless, I am told, people do still winter on the Riviera. The statement may be astonishing, but, nevertheless, it is true. And not only do they winter there, but they come South in increasing numbers every year. There are new hotels, new flats, new villas in Heaven only knows what quantities each season to convince the most sceptical that the Riviera is not only a winter magnet, but that it grows in force each season, and grows at such a pace that one almost anticipates the day when the coast from Hyères to Menton will just be one great big winter resort. And the Riviera keeps on growing in the face of no end of competition. Egypt, Algeria, Southern Spain—to say nothing of the thousand and one winter sport places in Switzerland, Austria, and France—all do their best to keep the Englishman from the Azure Coast. They succeed to a certain extent. They seduce here and they seduce there. But they all lack the chief seduction of all, the fact that within twenty-three hours, and I forget how many minutes, from London, you can find on the French Riviera precisely the opposite conditions that prevail in the British Isles—sun in place of fog, blue skies for grey, warmth instead of cold, palms and flowers instead of leafless trees—and fun all the day and, if you like, all night long.



A GLIMPSE OF CANNES FROM THE TOUR DE MONT CHEVALIER

Cannes is, socially, the most exclusive and the most self-contained of the great coast resorts, and scenically it is perfect, while it has tennis, golf, yachting, and the best polo on the Riviera; also the needful Casino. Watching carefully over its climate is Providence at his kindest, while its social destinies are in the hands of H.I.H. the Grand Duke Michael of Russia

The Bystander at Monte Carlo

Arrival at "Monte"

IT is useless to disguise the fact that the place in which I spent most of my time was Monte Carlo. Monte Carlo is the self-appointed capital of THE BYSTANDER Riviera Supplement, and all attempts on my part to dethrone it, or to transfer it elsewhere, are foredoomed to failure. *Il y est, il y restera.*

I found my preconception of Monte Carlo to be geographically wrong, as I have found to be that of every other place I have ever visited. Somehow I imagined that all Rivieran roads led there, and that the train ran you into a sort of terminus, out of which you stepped, to go straight into the Casino and to remain there. Now I have envisaged the place quite differently. My train made no fuss whatever about its entry of Monte Carlo—no more than does a tube train make about its arrival at the British Museum or Lancaster Gate. It sidled into the station with the momentous name as though it were doing nothing in the least exceptional in my eyes. There was no melodrama in the tone of the porters who called out the name of the station, nor was that name at all ostentatiously displayed. And I stepped out of the train with no more thrill than had it been—say—Hyde Park Corner. There are a number of hotel 'buses outside the station but, to their honour be it said. I was not pestered by any of the drivers. Nobody even asked me whether I wanted a guide, or said, "Casino, M'sieur?" The only pronounced personality, with any evident enthusiasm, was a small boy in uniform, who repeated the word, "*Ascenseur*!" [I had always imagined the process of arriving at "Monte" to be a descent.]

LI. G.: "Of course, I'm strongly opposed to gambling, Prince, but how much to gootness does the State of Monaco get out of it?"
Prince: "3,000,000 francs a year"
LI G.: "Heffens! If our consciences would only let us have a casino in England!"
[*The "snapshot," like the dialogue, is more apparent than real*]

In Search of the Casino

M. Blanc does not, of course, as is supposed to be the case in the older-established Inferno, receive you in person, but if he did, the monologue would be somewhat like this.

"Welcome to Monte Carlo, from the Société des Bains de Mer—as we so aptly style ourselves. Yes, did you know it? This is an admirable bathing-place, though it is a little early at present. Still, there is much to do. You should see the gardens, they are beautiful, and, of course, the terrace is far-famed for its views. The pigeon-shooting is interesting to watch, and, of course, the theatre and opera-house are among the finest in Europe. We have everybody who really matters during the season, and the symphony concerts equal, if they do not surpass, any in Europe. To-day we have Beethoven, Mozart, and Wagner masterpieces. You should lunch at the Hôtel de Paris, or at Ciro's sumptuous establishments, and then, after that, run up Mont Agel in one of my cars. There are golf links here on which we have spent £40,000. Monte is, of course, a first-rate centre for the Riviera. So easy to get away from. Anything else?"

"I could many a little tale unfold, mais je ne le vais pas dire!"
The concierge at the Monte Carlo Casino

You ask M. Blanc whether he has not forgotten something on his programme, and wonder if, when you proceed to the Inferno, the director-in-chief down there will be equally coy on the question of the lava-lakes. But M. Blanc has an expression of *je ne comprend pas*. He shrugs his shoulders, and says that you may walk about and see for yourself, and, of course, if you find any other attractions—he hopes you will enjoy yourself. And he is gone. Still mystified, the Bystander seats himself in a sunny corner of the terrace of the Café de Paris, and watches "Society." It is here, of course. He knows that from one of the many English

"DIFFICILIS ASCENSUS AVERNI EST"
The way which leads to the Casino is by no means broad or straight. On the contrary, it is far more suggestive of the proverbial *ascent* to the realms of virtue. Inset is the celebrated "Ascenseur" boy, of whose services so few avail themselves

Sensation-Seeking in the Casino

papers (among them the *Anglo-American Gazette*, the *Riviera Post*, the *Daily Telegram*), which record the arrivals of British politicians, Russian Grand Dukes, Indian Rajahs, well-known duchesses with or without their dukes, and well-known dukes with or without their duchesses, great financiers, newspaper owners, famous Parisian *mondaines* and *demi-mondaines*. Also, you will see "local" Monte Carlo society, the people who live there, and who provide the machinery, as it were, of social movement for such as wish to avail themselves of it, and to remind themselves of the "local" social conditions they have left in the towns, villages, or watering-places at home, including a real live Church of England clergyman. I proceed to take lunch in the Restaurant de Paris, where they have the politest waiters in the world, and where the charges for first-rate cuisine are as reasonable as are to be expected. After I have taken my lunch, the waiter surprises me by bringing to my attention a little row of gilt pigs.

"Match-boxes, monsieur? On the back of each is a number."

"A number? What for?"

"One which may be a lucky one in the Casino."

"The Casino? Then there is a Casino here? Where is it?"

Without outward surprise, he points to the door of the white building which I had understood from the notice-boards outside to be the Theatre.

M. WICHT
Director General of the Société des Bains de Mer—the official name of the Monte Carlo Casino authorities

A Study in Psychology

If, now that I have discovered that there is really a Casino, I suppose that my prearranged undoing has begun, again I am mistaken. I find, once inside, not the slightest sign of any desire on the part of anybody to facilitate my downward career. Nothing indicates the direction of the Salle de Jeux. I am asked, it is true, before passing through a swing-door, to deliver up my hat, coat, and stick, and this I do. Then an official directs me to an office where I must be identified. I go to this office, and hand over my card. It is very carefully examined, back and front, and I am asked my age, where I am staying on the Riviera, and other questions, finally being handed a permit, which I am to sign. Then I have the freedom of the Casino. I enter a long marble, painted hall called the Atrium, and take a none too comfortable seat. Seeing people passing out through swing-doors, I presume that they are coming away from the tables. Here, then, will be clearly the best place from which to psychologise about the Casino, to watch the expressions with which the gamblers *come out*. Here will one test whether the Salles are places, on the whole, of bliss or of woe.

THE CASINO HIMSELF
The gentleman on the left is M. le Casino de Monte Carlo (né Camille Blanc). With him is M. Raoul Gunsbourg, Director of the Opera

Alas! having scrutinised a score or more of countenances, I am no wiser. On no one of them do I read the slightest hint whether of gain or of loss. Each expression is exactly the same. It is just the look of "coming out." People have done what they have gone in to do, and are now done with it. I watch in vain for an approximation to the two familiar figures on the coloured picture-postcard, the one smiling gleefully as he buttons up his note-stuffed breast-pocket, the other with perspiring face, unkempt hair and wild eyes, his hands stealing instinctively now and then towards the breast-pocket containing the necessary revolver.

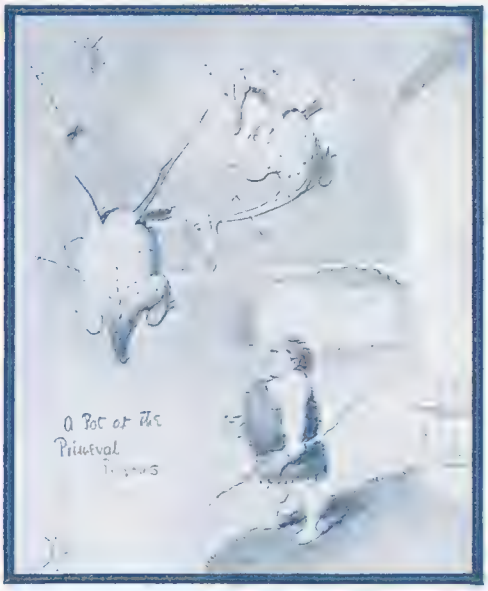
If such people as either of these really exist in Monte Carlo, they have been very carefully concealed during the time I have watched the exit from the Salle de Jeux.

A First Flutter

Then inside. I am impressed above all with the intense quietude and respectability of everybody and everything. Neatness is all pervading, and nobody is loud in clothes, not even those Germans there. I suppose one sorts out the "casual" from the *habitué* by whether they are seated at the tables or standing round them, and the extreme casuals will be those who merely walk about and make occasional pauses. The picture is one of persistency. On, on, on goes the game, round goes the ball, up comes the number, over the table goes whatever has been won, scoop to the croupier goes all that has been lost! *Messieurs, faites vos jeux.* . . . (Spin.) It is the first table at which the Bystander has stood. Suddenly the spell comes upon him. Gamble he must. What shall it be? Oh, any number. Say the Bystander's age (which is hereby divulged not yet to exceed the maximum number of thirty-six). It is only a five-franc piece with which he starts his downward career, but down it goes on to the chosen number. "*Rien va plus.*" The ball begins to slow down. It takes a little over one second to make the circle. Slower and slower, and then—the Bystander calms himself. Something has told him what is to happen, and turning his head away from the table to hide his first blush for many years, he hears cried out by the croupier the truth about his age—which happens to be his own lucky number. Lying alone in the middle of the table is his five-franc piece, all its companions scooped away from it. Then a

MONTE CARLO IN THE STONE AGE

A PRE-HISTORIC PEEP BY E. T. REED



The Monte Carlo Bystander discovered in a guide-book that the rocky peninsula was formerly inhabited by Troglodytes. He referred the matter at once to Mr. E. T. Reed. Result herewith

The Bystander in Search of a Thrill

shower begins of great big drops. Thirty-five times his stake are planked down on the table, and pushed towards him is a silver deluge of one hundred and seventy-five francs, which are picked up and stuffed in his pocket. The amount is not much. But never mind. The sensation's the same. In Scots parlance, "Mon, it's g-r-r-r-r-and."

Where Is the Melodrama?

Having thus started with capital obtained from M. Blanc, the Bystander, recovered from the initial thrill, proceeds to ossify. A few unsuccessful attempts to repeat his "fluke" *en plein*, and then one more successful attempt, after which he proceeds to experiment on more scientific lines, *rouge* or *noir* (it is, of course, always *Blanc* which wins), the *carré*, the *cheval*, *impair* or *manque*, and so on and so forth, ultimately leaving the Casino a wiser and only a very little richer man.

And where is all the melodrama of the thing? Where the scenes and scuffles, the polite removals of claimants of the winnings of others, the triumphant passings-over of vast wealth, and the equally dramatic cleanings-out? Where *is* that man walking off with his fortune made, and the other, everything lost, feeling for his revolver? If I come often and stay late, possibly I shall see him. But I have my doubts.

THE CASINO AS THE BYSTANDER HAD BEEN LED TO EXPECT IT—

I hear that among our English statesmen who have visited the Casino have been the late Lord Salisbury, who was refused entrance because he did not look quite respectable; Mr. Balfour, who played everything in turn, and Mr. Lloyd George, who does not gamble—at Monte Carlo, and with his own money. As I stand in the Casino, I wish, somehow, Mr. George could have been there for the moment, empowered by M. Blanc to order an immediate inquiry into the identities, means, and motives of every man and woman in the Casino, exactly how much they had invested and how much won or lost since entering. I think it would pay M. Blanc to have some such inquiry, because I believe the net result would be to prove that nobody was either very much better or very much worse off. The majority have entered the Salle de Jeux prepared to lose a certain amount for the sensation of having "done" one of the world's necessary things, had a "flutter" at Monte, and if they have won, it is exceedingly likely that they will remain on with the intention of winning more or losing all. I also believe that our friend with the revolver, who shoots himself and is quickly and quietly dropped into the ground without question asked, is a person who had sentenced himself to death, and that "Monte" was merely the last chance he had given himself to retrieve his fortunes.

KEEPER OF THE PRINCE'S CONSCIENCE

The Bishop of Monaco, whose professional view of the leading industry of the Principality has not been confided to "The Bystander"

"Gamble here? Not likely! I'm from Wall Street." (Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan)

The "Old Bird"

The people themselves? Well, there is a goodly sprinkling of the young of either sex, and of all nationalities. But the most persistent type is the "old bird," of either sex, the feminine preponderating. These you will see to best advantage playing trente-et-quarante. They reserve their chairs for the afternoon, or if not successful, they borrow other people's reserved seats. They sit down, and place a little pile of louis beside them, and they play—with what success you can only guess. For nobody's pile of louis seems either largely to increase or to diminish. I have heard that the persistent player all the year round often contrives to make a small profit per annum.

—AND AS IT ACTUALLY STRUCK HIM

Our correspondent complains that, so far from being at all melodramatic, the scene at the tables is somewhat humdrum, and that people seem quite unexcited whether they win or lose

(Sketched by Norman Morrow)

Society on the Riviera

Having touched, in a very sketchy fashion, on the Casino as first seen by myself, I am bound by conscience to attempt to say something about the question of Society on the Riviera. Weekly, during the season, it is The Bystander's duty to publish one or more pages of photographs, which show men and women of fashion pacing to and fro, and possibly the impression exists among those at home who do not, for various reasons, winter South, that the Riviera is a sort of

Why Go to Switzerland?

Winter Sports as an Attraction of the Riviera

Modernity and a waste of snow: arriving at Beuil by motor car

Less speedy, but more picturesque: arriving at Beuil on ponies

Dr. Marc de Lewis, a well-known resident of Nice, on ski at Beuil

Sketch Map, showing the position of Beuil, and the railway and road routes from Nice to Puget-Théniers

The donkey is a popular and sure-footed mount at Beuil

Winter sports, which, hitherto, have drawn so many away from the Sunny South to Sunny Switzerland, will soon draw people away no longer. For winter sports can be enjoyed within two or three hours' journey from Nice if people only knew it! That enterprising institution, the Country Club, is going to prove the fact this winter, for it means to introduce its members to all the joys of Swiss mountain life at an ideal spot close to Puget-Théniers, where the club is building a châlet. At this spot snow lies for six months in the year, and those who have visited it say that it will make the Swiss snow resorts green with jealousy!

Not a Christmas card, but the Nice Country Club, situated within three hours of Nice, in the most beautiful surroundings

The rendezvous of the winter sportsman: Nice Country Club Châlet at Beuil

Photographs *M. de L.*

Social Life, Real and Unreal

closed area like the Ascot Enclosure, into which a certain coterie, whose members are known intimately one to another, crowd,

ADEQUATELY, NO DOUBT
The Duke of Westminster tips a porter

following a fixed programme, the rules of which are as well-defined as those of bridge, and as immutable as those of the Medes and Persians. People who know, however, tell me that this idea ought to be exploded. The Casino, they insist, is in no sense a fashionable resort nowadays, and dress-clothes in the old rooms at night are by no means the rule. The *élite* among the gamblers go not to the public rooms, but to the New Rooms, or the Sporting Club, which is more or less exclusive, and which admits only members of recognised Clubs. There is played baccarat, chemin-de-fer, trente-et-quarante, and whatever gambling is done in the really grand style is probably done there. A few years ago, I hear, a club was started for men only, and was the resort of the big gamblers. Undisturbed by the fair intruders, who glance so gladly in the other rooms, they won most of the time, and the Bank actually lost in the end. So the "men only" rooms were closed!

Villa Life

But "Society" as a whole does not necessarily gamble at all, any more than, at home, it does any other of the things it is alleged collectively to do. The true social life of the Riviera of to-day is the hotel and villa life. People who know each other go and see each other in their villas and amuse each other in the same appointed ways as they do when they visit each other at home. If entertainment at "Monte" is wanted, they go to the Hôtel de Paris, the Métropole, or to Ciro's, and during the day they proceed in their motors to where they want to go, perhaps to play golf, or tennis, or perhaps merely to take the air and enjoy the scenery—of which there is still lots.

Not an Enclosure

But what of our good old friend the Riviera "Society snapshot"? Well, men and women, even titled

A "MONTE" HOSTESS
Lady Watts (wife of Sir Philip Watts, chief constructor at the Admiralty) and Miss Gordon-Shaw. Lady Watts winters regularly at Monaco, where she has a charming villa overlooking the Bay, and is a well-known hostess both there and in London

ones, must walk out, especially in a place such as Monte Carlo, where there is so much inducement to do so, and the snapshotter must snapshot. But one must not suppose that the Riviera is, for that reason, a Society *enclave*. It is possible for the plainest of plain people to be there and to meet nothing of the "Who the devil are you?" stare that might greet them in some of the season enclosures at home. The Riviera is an enclosure, of course, but its Alpine fence is about a hundred miles long, and was placed there by the Creator long before there was such a thing as Society even among the Troglodytes who originally inhabited the rock.

Art at Monte Carlo

About art at Monte Carlo (which includes drama and music) it is usual to be rather superior, because, of course, it isn't indigenous, but an importation. The authorities, in their desire to provide all the attractions, have "laid on" opera, and are able to pay the needful prodigious fees to the best talent that the world produces; also to invite the Parisian critics to do their best. I have been told that the critical public do not take opera at Monte Carlo *au grand serieux*. They go because opera is one of the things to be taken along with everything else. A few years ago Massenet's *Cherubim* was produced at "Monte" for the first time, with, in the cast, Mary Garden, Carré, and Cavalieri, who was making her operatic *début*. But during the intervals nobody, as they walked towards the Rooms to put their money on a number suggested to them in the course of the performance, discussed it as they would in Paris or in London.

Exquisite though the classical concerts are, too rapt attention is against the spirit of the place. The Bystander, as one of those out-of-date people who confess secretly to their friends to be

OTERO—STILL "LA BELLE"
The celebrated Parisienne, now at Monte Carlo, looking, it is noticed, as young as ever, and slightly slimmer

music-lovers, loved the music conducted by M. Jéhin, and he was not inspired to gamble in the interval.

Society in Search of the Sun

Noble Habitués of the Riviera

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF ROXBURGHE

THE DUCHESS OF LEEDS, LADY HELMSLEY, AND THE DUKE OF LEEDS

LORD & LADY KINNOUL

MISS MURIEL WILSON, MR. ANTHONY DREXEL, AND THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH

THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND AND THE EARL OF WARWICK

LADY HERBERT, THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH, AND LORD HERBERT

Without a page such as this, our Supplement would be incomplete. We have, however, in our selection, kept as high up in the peerage as possible, each snapshot save one containing a Duke or a Duchess. It is agreed by our correspondents that Society, at the present time, is not too much to be seen in the conventional pleasure resorts, preferring to keep itself aloof in the Villadom which it has made its own

SPORT ON THE RIVIERA

A SURVEY OF WHAT TO PLAY AND WHERE TO PLAY IT

AND now for a little inside knowledge of the sporting facilities on the Riviera. Writes one with a decade's experience of the littoral, to whom I applied:

The man—or woman—who goes to the South of France *pour passer le temps avec sueur* ("to kill time with perspiration") has many opportunities thrown at his hand or foot. The sun on the Riviera is a soother and a germicide, but it tends to enervate the body, to Latinise the hardy Saxon. The antidote to *laissez-faire* is unquestionably exercise, as violent as possible. To open the pores of the skin daily is the secret of health in the South of France. That may be accomplished by running up and down the steep and tortuous flight of steps which lead from the Casino at Monte Carlo to the only *monte de piété* in the Principality—scarcely a decorous form of exercise, nor one good for the morals.

LAWN TENNIS AT NICE
A match in progress on the courts of the Nice Club

LAWN TENNIS AT MONTE CARLO
A Mixed Doubles match in the annual Tournament

Open Air Ball Games

No; the only real and rational antidote is some form of ball-hunting in the open air—an English game. Facilities to pursue normal and abnormal Anglo-Saxon pastimes are numerous. The two extremes, physically speaking, are probably polo and croquet. At the first, rubbing flannelled shoulders with English Duke and French Marquess, you may break your neck; at the second, before a no less cultured company, your break may last longer. Cannes is the recognised centre for polo, and when the ground is not under water (as it was for weeks last season), or when the attention of the ponies is not diverted by sky manœuvres in the adjacent aerodrome, capital matches under the management of the Millers are provided. Ponies of sound wind and legs may be hired, and trophies are given by private and public donors. Polo has undoubtedly widened the social horizon of Cannes, and finally killed any notion that it is a dull and uninspiring resort, a kind of backwater to Monte Carlo. As a fact, the stakes deposited by some of the polo-players on the baccarat table at the Cannes Casino (open only to season members, by the way) glitter or rustle as much as any at Monte. But that is another "game."

Croquet's headquarters are probably at Menton, where the Menton Club has some excellent grass courts, and (I was going to add) grass widows. But croquet also flourishes at Cannes, and in two or three private villas at Nice. If the society of the fair sex is indispensable, personally I prefer a pastime which forces one to shed the linen collar.

LAWN TENNIS AT CANNES
On the picturesque courts of the Hôtel Beau Site

Lawn Tennis de Luxe

Lawn tennis, though the youngest of nationalised games, is the oldest on the Riviera, and, I suppose, the most popular. Its sand and composition courts, discernible on all sides, are never empty while daylight lasts. Some of its ball-boys (professional stonemasons in the summer) earn nearly as much as a golf professional; its tournaments are patronised by the leading players and the leading Society beauties. I have played on most of the club and hotel courts, and can certify

When Monte Carlo Isn't at the Tables—

IT HAS PLENTY OF OTHER DIVERSIONS, SUCH AS YACHTING—

that, while all are good, all are different in various respects. Those at the Beau Site, Cannes, have the most delectable environment, and are the most accessible to good baths, a fine tea-lounge, and a soothing orchestra. Those at Menton have a beautiful surface after a light shower, and are so handy to the station that residents at Monte Carlo and neighbouring places can pop over and use them. Those at Nice are centrally situated, and gird one of the best club-houses on the Continent; but the glare reflected back from the white stone buildings which surround them is a little embarrassing to the newcomer. Background means so much at lawn tennis.

Those at Monte Carlo are admirably managed by Mr. G. M. Simond, but, until later in the season, are only two in number, and these, while beautifully laid, are a little short in side-run and run-back, the amiable Casino authorities having deemed a carriage-drive of more consequence than a Wilding drive. The Monte tournament (always a great attraction) is decided not on these courts, but on those below, near the seashore (and the washing) in Monaco.

—FLYING—

—PIGEON-SHOOTING, AND—

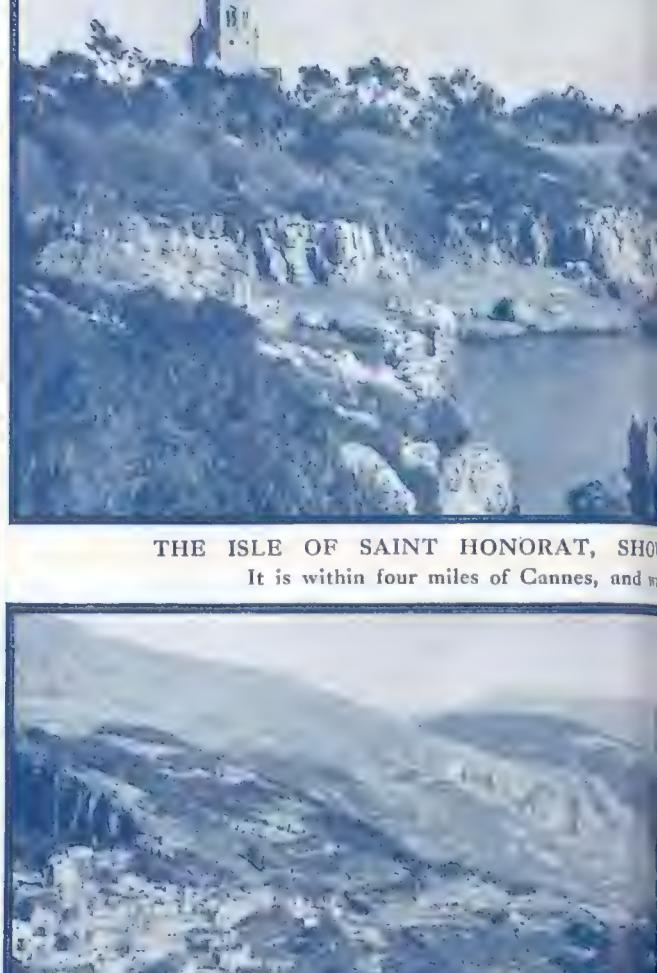
Here there is ample run-back. One advantage of Monte lawn tennis is that the visitor pays nothing for the use of the courts, though he may have to pay dearly, if he be indiscreet, outside them. Subscriptions at the Nice, Cannes, and Menton Clubs are not high, nor is there any lack of professional instruction.

—MOTOR-BOATING IN THE BAY AT MONACO

So far from gambling being at all essential to life at Monte Carlo, it is almost the least noticeable of sporting activities. Probably more outdoor recreations can be enjoyed in the Principality than in any other one place in the world. Among these may be mentioned golf, lawn tennis, yachting, pigeon-shooting, motor-boating, aviation, fishing, and mountain-climbing

Where Every

A GLIMPSE OF THE BAY OF MONACO FROM THE SLOPES OF LA TURBIE



THE ISLE OF SAINT HONORAT, SHO
It is within four miles of Cannes, and

A VIEW OF THE CORNICHE ROAD FROM

Four reminders that the Riviera, when other attractions fail, has always its natural ones, and t

Prospect Pleases

[*And only . . . . .*]

ING THE FORTIFIED ABBEY OF SERINS
, in the middle ages, a great seat of learning

NACO TO MENTON (Roquebrune above on the left)

AMONG THE PINES AT JUAN-LES-PINS
A new winter resort between Cannes and Nice

t among the various pastimes prescribed for the winterer in the South is still that of scene-gazing!

Golf Courses: Some Recommendations

At Beaulieu the Bristol Hotel authorities have just laid down some new courts, with Tom Fleming as resident professional. I have not yet inspected them, but any enterprise of the Bristol is generally first-class.

Golf

Golf is very pleasant in the South, and nowhere more so than at Hyères, where the courses, both of the Hyères Club and of Costebelle, are within the easiest of reach of the hotels that brought them into being. Both courses provide good golf, and Costebelle is essentially sporting, thanks to Willie Park's excellent architecture. The Valescure links are small and unpretentious, though the club-house is quite a gorgeous affair. They are picturesquely located about two-and-a-half miles distant from St. Raphael.

THE GOLF COURSE AT NICE

From a strictly golfing point of view Nice and Cannes are the best clubs on the Riviera. In the photograph Mr. McKenna may be seen enjoying a round

Cannes is, of course, the smart club of the Riviera. The Grand Duke Michael is its President, the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess Cyril are among its fervent supporters, and you can find quite half its members in Debrett. The club-house is of the luxurious order, and some have it that the course, which is beautifully kept, is the most sporting on the coast. The popular Nice Club has its course at Cagnes, some eight miles away, but in these motoring days such a distance counts for nothing. Laid out with no little difficulty and at great expense, these links owe much of their success to the hon. sec., Mr. Hay Gordon, who lives on them, and, it might almost be said, for them. The club-house is comfortable without being luxurious. Great rivalry exists between the Nice and Cannes clubs, and the annual battle between the two is quite one of the sporting events of the Riviera. The Monte Carlo course, though at present only a healthy infant, may, perhaps, when grown up, rival Nice and Cannes. It can claim, at any rate, to be the highest in France, for it stands 3,000 ft. above sea level, and the club-house is assuredly the most magnificent in Europe. Over £40,000 have been spent in the making of these links, which belong to the Société des Bains de Mer. They are very easily reached by motor-car direct from the door of the Monte Carlo Casino. The Menton Club has its links in the "happy valley" of Sospel, some 800 ft. above sea level, and about eighty minutes by tramway from the town of Menton. The greens are of natural turf, the course is most sporting, and before this time next year there will be a very cosy little golf hotel right on the links. The Duke of Sutherland is one of Sospel's greatest admirers and supporters, and the links largely owe their existence to M. Prevel and Mr. Churchman, two of the leading Menton hoteliers.

GOLF DE LUXE AT MONTE CARLO

It has cost over £40,000 to provide Monte Carlo with a golf club. The course, which is 3,000 ft. above sea level, will be a fine one in time, and the club-house (shown in the oval photograph above) is the most magnificent in Europe

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J. CHABASSIÈRE.

Costebelle and Sospel Links

THE CLUB-HOUSE AND 17th TEE OF THE COSTEBELLE GOLF CLUB AT HYÈRES

To sum up, the courses of the Riviera are not long enough to tire the recuperating statesmen who freely use them, though they may be on the "short side" for the scratch man who likes his long second through the green.

Pigeon Shooting—and After

Shooting I will not stop to dilate upon. There are pigeons of all sizes at Monte Carlo, and those with human legs are shot just as quickly as those with feathers. There are no tender-hearted Radicals with humanitarian susceptibilities to barricade the *tir aux pigeons* at Monte, and perhaps it is just as well. The Italian gamekeepers, who rub shoulders with blue-blooded English guns, are rather straight-talking fellows. Knowing all about firearms, they know something about pistols. Besides, every pigeon (the bird, I mean) who is lucky enough, when released from its trap into the dazzling sunlight, to escape from the guns may reside rent free and food-free on the roof of the Casino for the rest of its natural life. The pigeon that dodges the executioner at Monte Carlo has a very good time, I assure you.

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NOTES ON PLACES, PLEASURES, AND PERSONALITIES

IN the previous pages, I have no doubt the Bystander from home has, like the man at the piano, "done his best" to say the needful nice things about the Riviera in general. My duty is to discuss the Riviera in particular, and the question of questions is, "Where Shall I Stay?" That is what the prospective visitor, without faith, like myself, in travel bureaux, must ask himself. He does not necessarily want to have his winter arranged for him by a tourist agent or even by a *Daily Mail* clerk. He wants impartial advice. Let me give it to him. Let me take him along the coast from Hyères to Menton, and give him his choice.

House-Party Hyères

My friend, the prospective visitor, will spend his winter in Hyères:

(1) If he wants to be in one of the warmest corners of the coast.

(2) If he is devoted to golf, tennis, or croquet.

(3) If he loves to find in France what he left behind him in England.

(4) If the more or less quiet, non-gambling-restaurant-change-your-clothes-four-times-a-day life appeals to him.

For Hyères appeals to the Englishman of to-day as it appealed to Queen Victoria years ago from the point of view that here you can lead the simple life. You play golf, you play tennis, you play croquet. You walk, you drive. You play bridge and dance now and then at your hotel, and you revel in glorious scenery. *Et puis voilà!* You spend your winter, in fact, much as you would spend your summer in your own country—if you possessed a summer! You are one of a big English colony on the Azure Coast, or, better still, of a big house-party. You stay at either Zick's Golf Hotel or at Peyron's Costebelle Hotels. You talk outdoor sports all the time that you are not indulging in them or when you are not talking bridge.

"THE BYSTANDER" ON THE RIVIERA

One of the attractions during the last few weeks in the principal square of Nice has been the magnificent display of coloured pictures from the "Bystander Annual" which has been arranged in a large frame

The Mayfair of the Riviera: Cannes

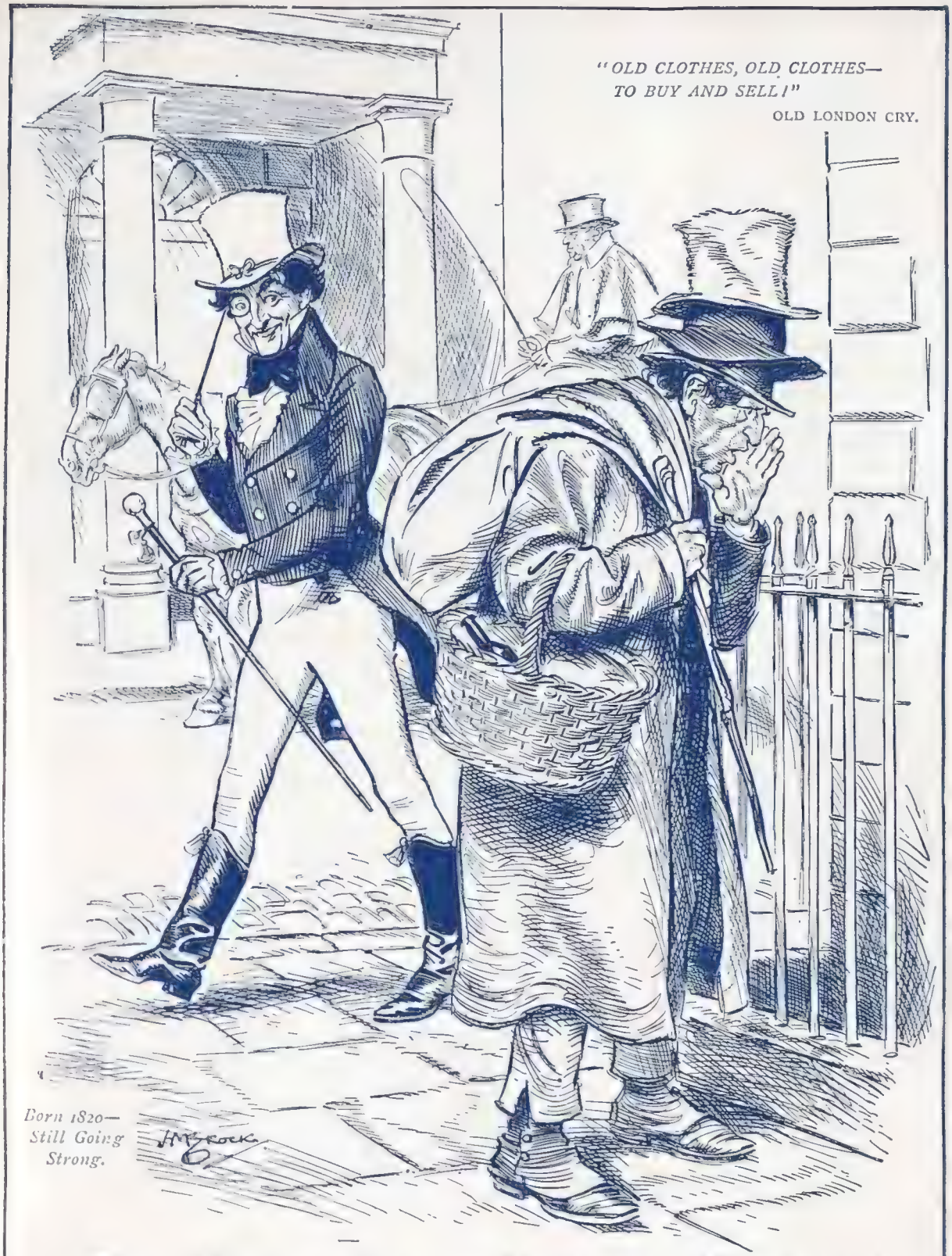
Hyères is more or less a little place. Cannes—the Mayfair of the Riviera—has grown to be a big one. There is a certain amount of the house-party element left about Cannes, but not much. Cannes used to be more or less an Anglo-Russian village; now it is a cosmopolitan town. But not vulgarly cosmopolitan. Oh, dear no; Cannes is essentially exclusive. Cannes, for instance, is the only Riviera resort where you can play polo. The Cannes Golf Club possesses a Grand Duke as its President. The very Casino dances are arranged by a committee whose names all figure in the "Almanach de Gotha." Cannes possesses a genuine "Society." You will not necessarily spend a good time in Cannes if you be not numbered among "nice" people. And you can spend a rattling good time in Cannes. You have got lovely links, the best polo-ground outside of England, an excellent tennis club, a splendid Casino (with a very nice little game of baccarat), a capital club in the shape of the Cercle Nautique, splendid hotels such as the Carlton if you want to be near the Casino and have all the latest things the hotelier can give you, or the Anglais, where you will spend your winter just as you would in some delightful English country house, regattas, a carnival, racing, a wonderful harbour in which to house your yacht, and dances at nearly all the hotels. And you will meet all sorts of celebrities in Cannes of a winter. If you be lucky—and a good player—you will try and beat Mr. Balfour at the Tennis Club. If you be invited, you will dine with Mr. Asquith at Lord Rendel's Château de Thorence. You may learn all about the creation of Cannes from Lord Brougham, or you may discuss polo with his Grace of Westminster, who is bringing down his crack team this very winter. And you may even play golf with the Grand Duke Michael.

Quite seriously, Cannes has pretty well all the advantages a winter resort should have, and since the creation of the Casino, which is under the direction of the ubiquitous M. Henry Ruhl, the visitor is no longer compelled to look to his hotel for his evening's amusement. But it must be remembered that Cannes is essentially "a nice place for nice people."

The Capital: Nice

Nice is now the sixth—or is it the seventh?—largest city in France, and that, as the Americans have it, is "saying some." Nice is no longer a mere winter resort. Nice is a great big commercial city. Not that this fact prevents Nice from being one of the nicest places in the world in which to winter. For you get a little of everything in Nice. You can get your golf, you can get your tennis, you can get one of the biggest games of baccarat in the world. There is an opera house for the music-lovers, two Casinos for those who seek lighter amusement, a couple of music-halls, a couple of skating rinks, heaven knows how many "cinemas," two or three of the best restaurants in Europe, a promenade that knocks that of Brighton into a cocked-hat, two of the best race-meetings in France, a Country Club, which, so far as I know, is just unique, another club where you can sleep or gamble as you prefer, the choice of a dozen absolutely modern hotels, a couple of bars that put their London equivalents to the blush, and a couple of restaurants whose doors never close. And then there is the Carnival, about which all the world has heard or read since it first began hearing or reading.

Wherefore you will stay in Nice if you want to do what the world calls "live." In the morning you will either motor out to the golf links at Cagnes, or stroll along the



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WHERE TO STAY ON THE RIVIERA (continued)

Promenade des Anglais, or play tennis on the Place Mozart. You will be in time, of course, for your anti-prandial cocktail at the Chatham Bar or the Royal, where all good Anglo-Saxons meet. You will lunch either at the Royal, the Hôtel Negresco, or at the Réserve.

You will probably run over to Monte or Cannes in the afternoon which otherwise you will laze away till the hour of tea will take you to the London House, that once world-famous restaurant which is now run by English ladies and is known as the British and American tearooms. After tea you will risk a louis or two at the Grand Cercle, the big baccarat club where everyone meets, and which forms part of the Casino, and you will spend your winnings in a dinner in the Grand Cercle Restaurant and a supper *chez* Ernest, the Abbaye de Thélème of the Riviera, where they make merry till the sun shines again. Or you may spend your afternoon at the Country Club, where they take tea, roller-skate, and dance, and all that is smart in Nice gathers together. If you want quiet you have only to put up at some such hotel as the lovely Winter Palace, in the Cimiez district, and sun yourself half the day in its glorious garden, only descending into town when you feel in livelier mood.

M. FLEURY
The genial manager of the Restaurant de Paris, Monte Carlo

MM. HENRY AND FREDERICK RUHL
M. Henry controls three hotels on the Riviera, as well as the Cannes and Menton Casinos

Or you can pass your time on the links at Cagnes or at the tennis club, and scarcely see the town of Nice at all. For Nice prides herself on being all things to all men, and she really is. As to where to stay in Nice there is such a wide choice. There are two favourite hotels on the Promenade des Anglais, Negresco's and the Royal, for those who like to be right on the sea. There are the Hôtel de France (which is allied with the Chatham Bar) and the Hôtel d'Angleterre for those who like to profit by the lovely public gardens and yet be "right in the centre." And there is the Hôtel Imperial, if you would be as near the Country Club as possible, and yet away from the noise of the town. A capital plan on arriving in Nice is to put up for a day or two at the comfortable Terminus Hotel and have a good look round for oneself. I did this the first time I arrived in Nice, and I have congratulated myself ever afterwards.

M. NEGRESCO
Director of Hôtel Negresco, and of the Grand Cercle Restaurant, Nice

A Half-Way House

That is what little Beaulieu really is—a half-way house between Nice and Monte—though it has ambitions. So far it has resisted the temptation to run a Casino of its own, but the Hôtel Bristol, which, when all is said and done, really is Beaulieu, is blossoming

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On the RIVIERA for

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WHERE TO STAY ON THE RIVIERA (continued)

out this season with three tennis courts and a tournament, in which all the "cracks" are expected to do battle in February next. Beaulieu is very quiet, very lovely, and very handy (for all the trains, *rapide* or otherwise, stop there). Beaulieu is the home of Gordon Bennett and of Sir Henry and Lady Samuelson, and it was the great Lord Salisbury's favourite spot. You go to Beaulieu if you want quiet and at the same time to be within reach of the exact opposite.

M. ERNEST WEBER
Proprietor of the Hotel de France at Nice

Monte Carlo

Of course, if you spend your winter in Monte Carlo all your best friends will say that you are an inveterate gambler. Yet, funnily enough, you can spend a delightful winter on the famous rock without gambling at all. After all, no one invites you to gamble, any more than the chemist tries to get you to buy black draughts. At Monte, as a matter of fact, they invite you to do anything except gamble. They ask you to sun yourself on the terrace or on the glorious Place, to run up Mont Agel in a motor or play golf on its slopes, to shoot pigeons at the Tir, to hear Réjane or Caruso in the Salle Garnier, or Louis Ganne's concert in the "New Rooms," or to soak yourself in classical music with the help of the mighty Jéhin, to gossip in the Atrium, to lunch at the famous Ciro's, to dine at the Hôtel de Paris. Yet, of course, he who spends his winter in Monte Carlo will gamble whatever the other attractions may be. If he wish to be as near the Casino as possible he will stay at the Hôtel de Paris or the Hermitage; if he desire to place himself further from temptation he will put up at the Victoria or the Windsor, both of which are essentially English. Or if he be a gourmet he will stay at the Princess, which is only three minutes from the Casino, and whose proprietor is a famous *chef*. He will, of course, join the "New Rooms" (which will cost him £4 for the season) and the Sporting Club (which will cost him nothing), for it is there that he will meet his friends. He will often leave himself in Rizzi's hands for luncheon at Ciro's and in the great Fleury's for dinner at the Paris. Now and then he will indulge in a mild "orgy" at the Carlton, especially when fate has been good to him. And if he keeps his head and is content to give the Société des Bains de Mer as little of his money as possible, and take as much as he can get from them, he will pass an exceedingly pleasant and amusing winter.

HERR TRUB
Director of the Gordon Hotels on the Riviera, and Consul at Monaco for Brazil and at Cannes for Persia

M. ULLRICH
Manager of the new Imperial Hotel at Menton, and formerly of the Cap Martin Hotel

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MODERN SANITATION.
UNRIVALLED CUISINE.
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MONTE CARLO.

THE ENGLISH HOTEL.

MONTE CARLO

HOTEL DE PARIS

NEXT TO THE CASINO.

L. ALEXANDRE, Administrateur Délégué.

G. FLEURY, General Manager.

WHERE TO STAY ON THE RIVIERA (concluded)

The New Menton

Not so very many years ago Menton was what is vulgarly known as "rather a hole." It offered scarcely any attractions; it was largely resorted to by invalids, and it was generally voted dull and depressing. But now all that has been changed. A consumptive visitor would be quite as difficult of discovery in Menton as the proverbial needle in the bundle of hay; there are attractions galore, and he who bores himself in "the warmest corner of Europe" must be *blasé* with a vengeance. Within an hour's run from the town there are what the Mentonese claim to be the first golf links on the Riviera; there is an excellent tennis and croquet club, there is a snug little cock-and-hen Anglo-American club, there is a really fine Casino, where they give one excellent shows both musical and theatrical, to say nothing of a first-class restaurant and the usual gambling attractions. During the season there is a carnival, which is well worth seeing, and this year a hydro-aeroplane is to make flights from the East Bay. Then for "quiet people" there are walks and drives innumerable, while for those to whom Monte is an irresistible magnet the fact that Menton is only ten minutes from the shrine of roulette is a powerful factor in its favour. Menton possesses every sort of hotel imaginable. There are great big hotels *de luxe* like the Winter Palace, owned by M. Prevel, who has done so much to make Menton what it is; or the Imperial, which opens this week, and is managed by Mr. Ullrich, who for so many years presided over the destinies of the Cap Martin Hotel. There are Mr. Churchman's essentially English hotels in the East Bay, the Bellevue and the Italie, and near by the Hôtel des Anglais, belonging to M. Chabassière, and deservedly a great favourite with Anglo-Saxons.

The Britisher finds himself quite at home at Menton, where he is liked and respected. It is a capital place for families, and its climate is wonderfully warm and agreeable.

THE NICE OSTRICH FARM

This is undoubtedly one of the sights of Nice, and you may see over 100 live ostriches, and follow that weird and most interesting bird through all the stages of its existence. The farm may be said to have been visited by at least half the crowned heads in Europe, while here is to be found a wonderful display of all the very latest things in feathers, fans, etc.

Other Places

In this, of necessity, very summary review of the Riviera resorts—a very gallop along the coast—I was almost forgetting Cap Martin, the aristocratic, if I may be allowed the word for once, with its magnificent hotel on the point and its lovely villas set in glorious gardens. I must say a word, too, for quiet little St. Raphael, a sweetly pretty spot, with good links at Valescure near by, and for Beauvallon, on the gulf of St. Tropez, where Mr. Zick, of Hyères fame, has built a charming hotel, and is busy getting ready a golf course. Beauvallon is a place that is going to be very popular one of these days. A line also must be given to Grasse, where the scent comes from, and where Queen Victoria once wintered. This, of course, is an inland place, whose chief attractions are its beauty and its repose. R. W. M.

The Sporting Club Restaurant

There is not a nicer, quieter, or more "select" place in which to lunch, dine, or sup at Monte Carlo than in the restaurant of the Sporting Club, which is under the management of Mr. Schipper, who, in the summer, directs the beautiful Hôtel Imperial at Carlsbad. The food at the Sporting Club could not be bettered, yet the charges are of the club order. There is a beautiful orchestra, and the view from the restaurant windows is lovely.

CANNES

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APARTMENTS WITH PRIVATE BATHS, Etc.

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The hotel is connected with the Town Station, golf links, and polo ground by private motor car service.

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EIGHT CROQUET LAWNS. FIVE TENNIS COURTS.

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Blooms in the Garden of the Grand Hotel Bellevue

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300 ROOMS. 150 BATHROOMS.

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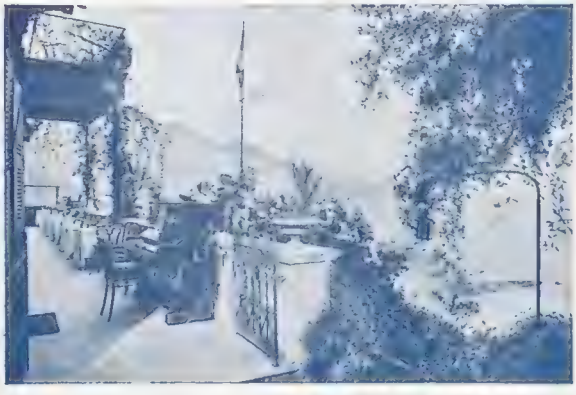

WORLD-
RENOWNED
VIEWS

BRIDGE LUNCHEONS - BRIDGE TEAS - BRIDGE DINNERS

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

LAST SUMMER'S HAT

A CASINO EPISODE

BY MRS. A. M. WILLIAMSON

ODD things happen in Monte Carlo and its suburbs, the rest of the Riviera. Occasionally other things happen, but not often, so it is as well to expect the unexpected. There, for instance, was the little episode of Last Summer's Hat (that was what we called her, and always shall call her) and the plaque that was not a plaque.

When a plaque is a plaque, it is, of course, a beautiful golden Monaco five-louis piece. When a plaque is not a plaque, it is a cynical reminder of a certain proverb. Mine was of the latter description. Only a quick and clever eye could tell it from its honest brothers, but there was no fear of spending it by mistake, because it was the one plaque I had ever had. I kept it for luck and in memory of a nice, new friend, who gave it to me in repayment of a debt on the eve of departing by train *de luxe* for—the moon, or somewhere.

Last Summer's Hat was a very pretty girl. That is, she was as pretty as a girl can be in last summer's hat and last summer's dress in a Casino pink and white, with other girls wearing all that is loveliest and latest. Until she came and sat near me on a bench in the Salle Schmidt my alleged plaque had reposed harmlessly in my purse since the day, months ago, when I learned its real nature, checked it in its mad career as a negotiable coin, and adopted it as a pocket piece.

Perhaps the false plaque mysteriously felt the girl's nearness as iron feels the presence of a magnet. It is true that I sneezed just then, and in hastily opening my gold bag to find a handkerchief, pulled out the purse containing the lucky piece. In its fall to the floor the purse gave up its secrets, consisting of a little silver and—the plaque. A sneeze, therefore, was the direct cause of what happened afterwards; but I can't help thinking it may have been a subtle plan of escape on the part of the plaque.

I picked up the silver, but the glittering coin of the proverb was obligingly retrieved by Last Summer's Hat, who had been suddenly aroused from a brown study—one of those dark brown studies into which people fall when they are out of step with life's music, and don't see their way ever to get back again. I thought, as she presented me with the treasure-trove, that she gazed at it wistfully. "Thanks very much," said I, in my best French, for I felt sure that Last Summer's Hat was French, or, anyhow, not Anglo-Saxon. "I wish it were real. Unfortunately, it's a counterfeit. I've kept it for 'luck'—but I don't believe it's a mascot, after all—rather the contrary. When I go home I think I'd better throw it into the fire."

"Oh, it would be a pity to do that. It's so pretty!" exclaimed Last Summer's Hat, in the same language—as spoken in Belgium. "It might bring luck to another. How can one know unless one tries? Would you not give it to me? There are no words to express how badly I need a stroke of luck."

I hesitated, hating to refuse her, she looked so eager, yet far from confident that possession and temptation might not be one and the same in a heart covered by last summer's blouse. Still, I had learned the true nature of the plaque in having it scornfully refused by an intelligent tradesman; and all Riviera tradesmen are of a singular intelligence. As for croupiers, I had heard that they were as difficult to deceive as barometers or hotel-keepers; and after a long instant's pause for reflection I bestowed the coveted boon upon Last Summer's Hat. "May it bring you luck!" I wished in parting, for at that moment I saw the friends for whom I had waited, and rose to join them.

We did not go out of the Casino, but wandered vaguely from room to room, greeting other vague wanderers of our acquaintance, or stopping to risk an occasional louis on favourite tables. An hour later we drifted back into the Salle Schmidt, where voices of croupiers were announcing "*les trois derniers*"—those three last spins of the ball which many people think mysteriously lucky. There were crowds round all the tables, of course, for it was the high season; and many of the most important men, the richest millionaires, and the prettiest women in the world amused themselves in the big, golden-lighted Salle, before going on to the Sporting Club; but at the middle table nearest the door there was a crush.

Something interesting was in progress there, something that necks were craned and eyes were strained to see. There was no clamour of angry voices, so it was not a "row"; consequently it must be high play—some punter in great vein of luck; for people do not push each other about to see a player losing.

We pushed, too, and because we were taller than

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

some and slimmer than others, we contrived to snatch furtive peeps.

I had a snapshot glimpse of an immense pile of gold and notes being raked in by a woman's hand—a hand small and thin and ringless, shadowed by an immense, shabby straw hat trimmed with faded pink roses. Then other heads closed in before me. I saw no more; but I had seen enough.

"Good gracious!" I heard myself muttering. "It's Last Summer's Hat!"

"I beg your pardon!" said a questioning voice in my ear.

I stared, and found myself staring into the eyes of a neighbour—a too close neighbour. It was a man I knew slightly, and was bored by unspeakably. But any port in a storm!

I bowed, smiled politely, explained that I was merely mumbling, and asked the gentleman, whose elbow prodded my ribs, whether he knew what was happening.

"Oh, only a girl winning a lot of money," he replied in his bored way that bored everybody else. "Seedy little creature I've seen here for a season or two, awfully down on her luck. I should think this is the first time she's ever won more than a five-franc piece. How she got hold of a plaque to begin with is more than I can——"

"She began with a plaque?" I caught him up. "How do you know?"

"I've been watching her since the first. Not playing myself this evening. One of my bad nights. She came strolling along as if she weren't sure whether she wanted to play or go home. Then she dashed a plaque on to Zero just as the croupier was ready to sing out '*Rien va plus.*' Zero came up. She took off her winnings and left her stake."

"Sure she left her original stake?"

"Yes—er—no. I think she changed some of her winnings and left on a hundred-franc note. That was it! Zero came again. She tried for the third time—the maximum, nine louis—and, by Jove! the thing turned up. That was what drew the crowd—her winning three times running such big sums on Zero. Everything she's touched since has been right. Seems as if she can't lose. Why don't such things happen to one of *us?*"

"Perhaps Fate thinks we don't need it," said I. "Did she—er—stake any more plaques after the first?"

"No," answered my friendly bore. "Not a plaque. If I'd been in her place, I'd have put on that same coin every time I won, after it had brought me such luck, wouldn't you?"

"That depends," said I, judicially. "Perhaps she didn't want to risk losing it."

While we talked the *trois derniers* were spun. At our table hands were clapped, which meant that the heroine of the moment had won to the end. Play was over in the Casino for the night. The crowds collected round the tables broke, and streamed towards the doors, but I stood still, waiting—waiting for Last Summer's Hat.

In a moment I saw her, surrounded by congratulating friends—who had, perhaps, been strangers an hour ago. Just as she had magnetised the "plaque" in my purse, so did my fixed gaze magnetise her. She turned suddenly, and met my eyes. Her face had been flushed, radiant, almost beautiful. Under my stare it faded, aged. Her eyes confessed, implored.

Until then I had not been sure what I ought to do, or what I would do. I was certain that she had cheated the Casino. She had seized a chance when "*rien va plus*" was about to be called. Everyone else had been feverishly staking. Even lynx-eyed croupiers and inspectors have their limitations. She had taken an unfair advantage of me, and of the Banque. Morally, it was my duty to denounce her, but—while I pondered what she had done and what I ought to do, our eyes met, Last Summer's Hat's and mine. I thought how long and how much she must have hated that hat, and all it meant of failure and gloom; of how pretty she would look in Next Summer's Hat, and all it would mean of success and joy.

So I turned my eyes away, and compounded a felony, or whatever it was. I never again saw the magnetiser of false coins. Perhaps she wisely went to pastures new; and this is the first time I have ever referred (outside the family) to Last Summer's Hat.

A. M. Williamson

"THE WINNER"
A Monte Carlo Sketch by Ed. Touraine

Under the Direction of Mr. Henry Ruhl

PARIS . . CARLTON HOTEL
Avenue des Champs-Elysées

NICE . . HOTEL ROYAL
Promenade des Anglais

HOTEL SCRIBE

HOTEL RUHL
Promenade des Anglais et Jardin Public. Opening November, 1913

CANNES . . CARLTON HOTEL

CASINO MUNICIPAL
Restaurant

VICHY . . HOTEL RUHL
Parc. Opening May, 1913

DINARD . . HOTEL ROYAL

HIGH LIFE CASINO

CABOURG . GRAND HOTEL

CASINO
Restaurant

CHANTILLY . HOTEL DU GRAND CONDÉ

MAISONS-LAFFITTE HOTEL and RESTAURANT ROYAL

BEAUSOLEIL . CASINO MUNICIPAL

CIRO'S: Monte Carlo, Paris, :: :: :: :: and now Deauville

CIRO'S AT MONTE CARLO

IT has been left to an Englishman to defeat the French at their own game. Paris is, of course, world-famous for its restaurants, and the French have invaded the kitchens of all the capitals of Europe. The subject of our portrait is an Englishman, well known in London, but who could almost be called a Parisian, as he is a prominent figure in the French Capital and on the Riviera. He purchased Ciro's Restaurant at Monte Carlo, and formed a private English Syndicate to take it over, but not content with such a world-famous establishment as Ciro's of Monte Carlo, whose proud boast it always has been that people who never dine outside their own home have at least dined at Ciro's, he built a similar establishment in the heart of Paris, and which, after seven months, is now the most popular and successful restaurant in the French Capital. Needless to say, the secret of success has been the removal of the entire kitchen and restaurant staff from the Monte Carlo establishment during the Paris season, whereby the continuity of the business is carried on all the year round. Following this idea, Mr. Clement Hobson has purchased a property at the next most famous resort to Monte Carlo, viz., Deauville, the summer resort of the *monde de luxe*, and next summer "Ciro's Deauville" will open its doors to its Paris and Riviera *clientèle*.

MR. CLEMENT HOBSON

Administrateur of Ciro's at Monte Carlo, Paris, and Deauville, and Chairman of the London Opera House

SITE OF CIRO'S, DEAUVILLE, IN THE RUE DE CASINO, TO BE OPENED NEXT SUMMER

One would think that three such establishments were sufficient undertaking for any man, but Mr. Hobson finds time to be Chairman of the London Opera House, for which he formed a syndicate to take over last December. He may well be known as one of the best-dressed men in Paris, as he devotes some of his attention to directing the fortunes of a firm of tailors in Albemarle Street, which is one of the most successful businesses of its kind in the West End of London, and extensively patronised by the modern Beaux Brummels.

PARIS MODES FOR THE RIVIERA

Skirt in White Satin, with Blue Tassels, and Jacket of White and Silver Brocade

NO Supplement dealing with the Riviera would be in any way complete without some reference to Fashions, and the following short notes on feminine attire may not be without interest.

Snow velours, crême satin, grey pearl broché, are being made into robes at the present moment, and will be very much worn during the gay days of forthcoming Riviera carnivals. In the bright Southern sun delicate tints fade in a few hours, white alone remaining elegant for any length of time. It is permitted, however, to add to these shades some of the bright colourings which have recently scored such a triumph.

For Morning Wear

Although the simple black and white costume comprising a sporting-looking coat with flap is still in favour, we have a white skirt and vest in black and white Pekin velvet, over which is worn a jacket of red cloth. Some *élégantes* are adopting under the *jacquette à basques* an accordion-pleated skirt, while others make a triumph of the new robe *à poche*, the latest sensational creation. The construction of the latter allows the hands to be hidden in the jacket as in a muff, giving a somewhat masculine attitude.

Russian Blouses, Etc.

In the afternoon appear long Russian blouses of white moiré, bordered with ermine scarfs of orange or cerise, jupes of white satin caught up at the side with tassels, and jackets cut away in silver brocade. Some of the latter are adorned with a stiff Medicis lace collar, which constitutes a charming finishing touch. Regarding draperies, it is noticed that there is a tendency to make these lighter. In some cases they are made to hang on a flat front and in others only on one side. White lace skirts, worn with short coats of satin, are very much in favour, and an amusing novelty, consisting of a little bolero affected with a slightly puffed blouse is becoming popular. In the late afternoon, when the breeze is cool, many will find it necessary to wear one of the multi-coloured wraps which are now *de rigueur*.

Robe in White Satin, lined up with Skunk, and adorned with Little Ball Buttons

Robe of White Velours, Garnished with Bands of Ermine. Ermine Muff, Lined with Black Silk

Millinery of the Moment

And now a word as to headgear. Afternoon hats are not of straw. This, obviously, would be too banal. Neither are they of velvet nor plush, but in moiré, satin, lace and muslin. There are amusing turbans of tulle with high aigrettes of bird of paradise plume, little bonnets *à la* Greenaway in white lace, embellished with black velvet bows, and flower toques are seen by the side of large brimmed satin hats, the latter being profusely enveloped in wisps of aigrette.

London Nights Entertainments

"THE FORTY THIEVES"—AND OTHERS: By "JINGLE"

To the Editor of THE BYSTANDER, *Nice (or thereabouts)*

SIR,—You may be surprised to hear that, while you are enjoying the *otium cum dig.* in the Sunny South, there has been a perfect flood of pantomimes in London. It is a strange thing to me, Sir, that Editors should be able to bask in the sunshine of the Mediterranean while really deserving people like myself——but I will reserve the rest of my case for my forthcoming speech in Trafalgar Square on "The Juggernaut of Capitalism." (For further particulars see small bills.) As you may like to know what I have been doing, I have much pleasure in informing you that I have been to the Lyceum Theatre to see *The Forty Thieves.*

By the way, it occurs to me that if you ever had a fancy to look for the original habitat of this nefarious fraternity you are practically on the spot, as one might say. I should imagine that when you look at your hotel bills each week you must come to the conclusion that the whole forty, and a few more besides, are also wintering in the Sunny South.

Is it really sunny, though? The last time I was at Nice it rained every day, and we had to stay in the Casino all the time. I remember that it was there that I met a young English lady of good family who—but now I come to think of it, she may be listening, so I will reserve this part of my exciting story until I have the pleasure of lunching with you again at your club.

MISS DAISY JAMES
Who plays Ganem in "The Forty Thieves" at the Lyceum Theatre

I do not say that *The Forty Thieves* at the Lyceum will compare in respect of magnificence with the national pantomime "in another place"; but all the same, it really is a confoundedly amusing entertainment. As you are aware, the pantomime versions of this famous old story take all sorts of liberties with the original. I do not know that I care to see a mere man dressed-up in feminine attire; but once that prejudice has been got over, everyone will admit that Mr. Dave O'Toole as Cogia, the wife of Ali Baba, is a perfect gem of wild, rollicking humour. I always look forward to the scene where Ali is helping himself to the golden hoard in the robbers' cave. There is invariably the patient donkey, which is loaded up with treasure of quite fabulous value, and just as the poor brute is all but collapsing beneath the weight of his burden, you see Ali staggering out of the cave with a huge iron safe on his shoulders. This is one of the funniest scenes I have met in pantomime, and I have seen it often enough to know what I am talking about. It is good to hear the unrestrained shrieks of delight in the audience as Ali approaches the unfortunate donkey, obviously intending to add the weighty object to its already overpowering burden; and when the safe is finally dropped on the back of the unhappy beast, so that it is crushed down beneath the unreasonable weight put upon it, the delirious shouts of laughter would, I should think, interest very much the supporters of Our D.F. (Dumb Friends) League.

I think, Sir, you ought to go to the Lyceum on your return to London, and see this pantomime. It is quite the best I have enjoyed for many a year. Apart from the professional funny men, there are one or two extremely pretty girls, one of whom in particular has a figure which—but I beg your pardon, Sir. You would not, of course, wish to be troubled with these wearisome technicalities. Besides, for all I know to the contrary, there may be phenomena of the kind on view where you are, if the Promenade des Anglais is in anything like its old form.

"The Forty Thieves" at the Lyceum is a pantomime of the old-fashioned sort, which is always so popular. "Jingle," in his account of it, seems to have mixed up his notes with his private correspondence with the Editor, which is a matter for regret. Mr. Morrow, however, seems to have had a clearer idea of his responsibilities

By the way, Sir, talking of *The Forty Thieves*, you really must not miss Dave O'Toole's imitation of a Spanish señorita. Then there is Ganem, the young hopeful of the family, represented by Miss Daisy James—quite a sweet little thing, with a sense of humour that is so sturdy that it could be practically stood up on end to speak for itself. There is also Morgiana, the dauntless servant-girl of Ali and Cogia. You or I, Sir, having a servant-girl who was given to wearing such lovely frocks as those sported by Morgiana in this pantomime might feel it a duty, in a fit of righteous curiosity, to inquire how they were obtained, although, of course, it would be none of our business. At least, I hope so, I'm sure.

But the great thing about the Lyceum pantomime is that the management do not stick too closely to the original story. Every now and again, for no reason whatever, one of the characters will suddenly walk on as a comedian of the joyous type, and give a song or a dance as required. These little side-shows are not the least delightful feature of the pantomime. I found them very entertaining myself; indeed, now and then I laughed so immoderately that one of the attendants of the theatre came and stood beside my seat. It may have been a mere coincidence, of course, but, on the other hand, it may also have been a delicate and friendly hint that if there was much more of that sort of thing I should be unceremoniously escorted to the front doorstep without loss of time. Strictly between ourselves, Sir, I did not think very much of the physique of the young man who stood near me, though it is so many years since I was thrown out of a theatre that I have, perhaps, lost count of the extent of fighting weight required for this really exhilarating operation. If I remember rightly, it used to take six of them in the old days at the Alhambra to get me from the balcony to the street door—but these are reminiscences that can scarcely interest you in the severely correct atmosphere of Nice. Trusting you are well and happy, as it leaves me at present, I am Sir, your obedient servant, JINGLE

Nietzsche

FRIEDRICH Nietzsche would have been the last man to desire a large public for his works. He wrote for the few, and the tragedy of his life was that even the few waited until his madness to declare themselves. Nowadays, however, Nietzsche is fashionable—generally with the wrong people. And hardly a month passes without the appearance of some book or other devoted to his life or philosophy. The Societies for the Proper Promotion of Morality are, of course, shocked—they write delicious letters to the papers about their feelings—and tenderly pious librarians privately consider that all the "good European's" books should be burnt on the steps of the Mansion House by the common hangman or some other equally prominent official.

The "Danger" of Nietzsche

And there is this to be said for their point of view. Nietzsche, in the hands of the majority of mankind, is so certain to be misunderstood. To the petty mind he may even be dangerous. On the other hand, there are many people to-day upon whom he must act as a splendid tonic. He was so fine, so thorough, so superhumanly sincere. The most unfortunate thing, however, about him is that so many people who vilify his works have never read a single line that he wrote.

MR. J. S. H. MATSON

Of Victoria, British Columbia. He is at present staying in London, at the Hyde Park Hotel, and is engaged here in political work connected with the movement for Colonial preference. Mr. Matson is regarded as having done as much as any man in Canada to defeat reciprocity. He owns three newspapers in the provinces

A New Exposition

Mr. C. Chatterton-Hill's *The Philosophy of Nietzsche* (Ouseley: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) will not add very much to the Nietzschean student's knowledge, but it may be read by those to whom the German philosopher's name is more familiar than his works. The book, in a word, is a plain, straightforward exposition of the chief of Nietzsche's teachings, written by the scholarly Reader in Sociology at the University of Geneva. It was written before Dr. Oscar Levy had inaugurated his monumental edition of Nietzsche in English, before Mr. A. M. Ludovici or Professor Lichtenberger had published their various critical essays, and if it lacks these writers' brilliance, it is a satisfactory piece of work. If there is a serious fault, it is the author's too frequent desire to drive home his point by mere repetition. He confesses to have made no more than one or two trifling alterations since the essay was composed in 1905: I could have wished that he had made one more. In view of the now commonly accepted translation, Mr. Chatterton-Hill might have changed his Overman into the more familiar Superman. Yet, of course, his own word is more correct. We are so delightfully ungrammatical in this country.

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The Traveller—New Style

A dozen eulogistic reviews of Mr. H. M. Tomlinson's *The Sea and the Jungle* (Duckworth: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) led me to open its pages with more than usual curiosity. A "find," I had read—a new travel-author who had really written a book which no one but Conrad could have equalled. (All the reviewers mentioned Conrad.) Here was a live book, a book which lured you on, even if you disliked nothing so much as a travel-book. Mr. Tomlinson had burst into the front rank with a first publication. These are the things I read of *The Sea and the Jungle.*

To Brazil and Back

Well, it is a mightily interesting book. Mr. Tomlinson, at the hazard of a spun coin, threw up routine work in London, boarded a tramp-steamer whose skipper was his friend, played purser, saw numerous things of which the stay-at-homes are naturally ignorant, went up the Amazon and Madeira Rivers, met some of the inhabitants of their shores, took down their stories—good stories, these, but the best was told by one of the sailors—returned by way of Tampa Town, in Florida (from which place, you will remember, Jules Verne's gigantic moon-projectile was hurled out of the earth), New York, and one of those liners where comfort rather than the opportunity for a study of raw human nature is the chief concern of the owners.

The Best Part of the Book

The sea-scenes, to me, were of far greater interest than those of the jungle. Mr. Tomlinson's description of a storm arouses one's admiration. It is a piece of picturesque prose which could hold its own even in the best company. And I feel that I know all, or very nearly all, there is to be known about the good ship *Capella,* which had Mr. Tomlinson for its temporary purser. I obtained, too, a clear picture of some lesser-known aspects of the Brazils. More important, I got some insight into the mind of an interesting human being. All of which, now that I read over what I have written, obviously points to the fact that I enjoyed the book. And so I did. So, too, will a large number of readers; but, to be critical, I think it is unequal in interest. Perhaps it is too long. Perhaps the jungle should have preceded the sea. Perhaps Mr. Tomlinson should have gone out on the liner as a pampered passenger and returned on the *Capella.* Of his powers as a descriptive writer, however, there is not a doubt.

A South African Novel

Through the Cloudy Porch (Murray: 6*s.*), by K. M. Edge (Mrs. Caulfield), has undeniable interest. It also has a remarkable heroine. Naomi Hestling, ostensibly the wife of an army officer, quartered in the Transvaal, has to undergo such sufferings as rarely fall to even a heroine's lot. I should not think of giving away her secret—a most ingenious, if slightly far-fetched secret it is—and, owing to Mrs. Caulfield's skill, it is not difficult to understand her conduct. When Fenworth, the manager of a mine and fervent advocate of white labour, appears on the scene, you are kept waiting to hear that Naomi's "lie" is too great to be borne, but, as I have said, she is a remarkable heroine, and the "lie" is maintained until the officer's death. Mrs. Caulfield's grammar is curious in parts, but that does not prevent my recommendation of her work.

RALPH STRAUS

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THE LOOK OF THINGS

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

THINGS look so different in the Engadine, whither a kind Fate has carried me (by train) in thirty hours. That was a few days ago, and I have forgotten the journey now. I remember making a note at the time to the effect that one of the things that the Hague Convention ought to have settled years ago is the temperature of railway carriages throughout the world.

* * *

What seems to an Englishman a pleasant air—the windows on both sides open—strikes a German as an Antarctic typhoon, such as only people with an aggressive foreign policy and the strongest Navy would dare to inflict on their fellow-passengers. He rattles the window up. The Englishman lets it down again. Black looks are exchanged, and one feels that Mr. Norman Angell is wrong once more. Lots of high-spirited people would go to war even over the temperature of a railway carriage.

* * *

But I will pass to pleasanter topics. Right on my flank, as I write, the crimson sun goes down, between snow-clad mountains, of which one has just been ascended by five of the party. We did half of it on skis, and a lot of it on foot, and a little bit at the end by tobogganing. None of us once mentioned Mr. Lloyd George, or, I believe, thought of Mr. Winston Churchill. This must count almost as a record.

* * *

As a matter of fact, high mountains do not induce high thoughts. (I am not saying it would have been a noble thing to think of Mr. Churchill—whether for good or ill. I am merely recording a truth.) The snow was not very good. It was not deep enough, and had a crust that let you through on to all sorts and sizes of boulders. I am an amateur of the ski, and I fell forty-seven times.

* * *

Later on, when we got back to the hotel, I picked up an English newspaper and read various comments on Mr. Galsworthy's proposals for humane butchering. I perceived very clearly that the animal ought to be stunned first. If I had been stunned by my first fall I should not have minded the other forty-six so much.

* * *

Tone is given to this party by the presence of a Cabinet Minister—an English Cabinet Minister. He is one of the men who must bear the responsibility of making all England lick stamps—to mention no other atrocity. You might think his nerve was affected by his (from a Unionist point of view) criminal career.

* * *

You would make a mistake, if you thought so, however. Yesterday he conducted a party down the second fastest bob run in Switzerland without a tremor and without a mistake. A few hours afterwards he was skating serenely round a simple orange, doing his forward turns with magnificent precision.

* * *

He could not, however, go backwards without falling. There is a moral in this, perhaps. If Liberal Ministers could do a political outside edge backwards, all this trouble with the doctors might have been avoided. . . .

* * *

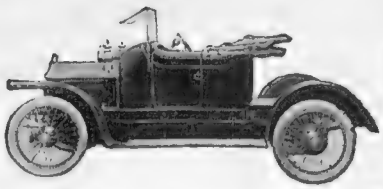
. . . . Was called away at this point to take part in a gymkhana. Refused to cock-fight ('Varsity style), but took part in "general knowledge" competition, and came out bottom. I suppose this is what comes of being a journalist. . . .

* * *

Excuse this diary of my life in the Swiss Highlands. It is necessarily simple and spasmodic. So many things happen. To-day, for example, which is the day following that on which the preceding notes were written, I have learned to "tail," and I have witnessed the big jumping competition at St. Moritz. Both were pleasant, but the tailing was painful too. Perhaps you know that "tailing" is being dragged behind a sleigh on skis—sometimes on skis, and sometimes on your face. You travel fairly fast either way, but the upright position is more dignified.

FIRST LESSONS IN LOVE

(By Ida Davies)



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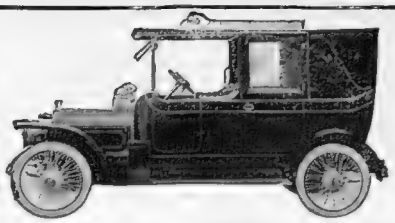

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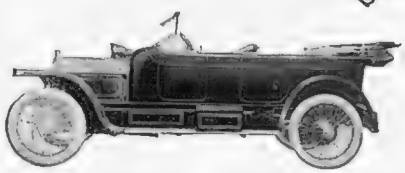

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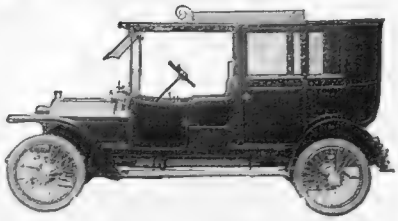

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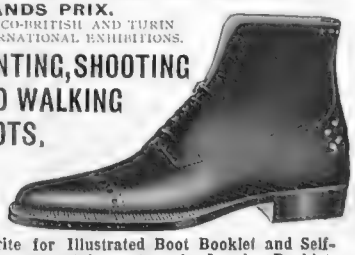

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RACING: Newcomers to the Turf. BY CARBINE

Racing Novices

Men who begin to own race-horses are often extraordinarily fortunate at first. There is such a thing on the Turf as novice's luck, and a few prominent people are hoping that they will make a good start in the coming season. One of the most important of the newcomers to the Turf will be Mr. Kennedy Jones, widely known in connection with flourishing newspaper enterprises at Carmelite House. Until recently he entered his horses under the assumed name of Mr. "Kaye," but the secret of his identity soon leaked out, and as it costs an annual £25 to use a *nom-de-guerre* in racing, Mr. Kennedy Jones has abandoned the useless pseudonym. Another successful newspaper man, Mr. Edward Hulton, has in a comparatively short time done great things on the Turf, and Mr. Kennedy Jones is hopeful of repeating his success. He has not spared the cash in getting together a high-class lot of two-year-olds, some of the most expensive yearlings of 1912 having been bought on his behalf. His horses will be trained by F. Lynham, and his colours should be carried to the front in some important races this year.

Other Beginners

Another new owner this year will be Mr. Keith Arbuthnot, who has "packed up a parcel," as they say on the racecourse, by supporting the right horses in the rubber market. If he is as lucky on the Turf as he has been on 'change he will make the ring sit up. The bookmakers, however, are a shrewd community, who can safely be trusted to look after themselves. Mr. Arbuthnot's trainer will be Sam Darling, one of the most respected as well as one of the cleverest members of his profession. I saw the new owner's string at Beckhampton recently, and noticed some likely winners among them. Lord Northland will also be running horses this year, while we are sure to see Mr. Dermot McCalmont's colours more often than we did last season. That fabulously wealthy and popular little soldier-sportsman is now home from India, and as his yeomanry appointment in Ireland will not entirely monopolise his time, we are sure to see him at most of the chief meetings.

Selections

This week is one of the quietest of the winter season, Gatwick and Lingfield being the chief meetings. One will be glad when the weights for the Grand National are published, as until then steeplechasing will not be particularly lively. Apparently the idea is not to expose horses too much in the first part of the winter season in order that the handicapper should not be severe upon them in the premier steeplechase. We all recognise the importance of the Grand National, but it is a pity that it should have such a regrettable effect upon a considerable part of the cross-country season. At Gatwick on Wednesday **Dick Dunn** should win the Reigate Hurdle Race and **Tempo Bello** the Crawley Steeplechase. On the second day **Scarlet Button** is my selection for the Moderate Hurdle Race and **Sycamore Lodge** for the Mann Steeplechase. At Lingfield on Saturday **Lord Rivers** should take the New Year's Steeplechase.

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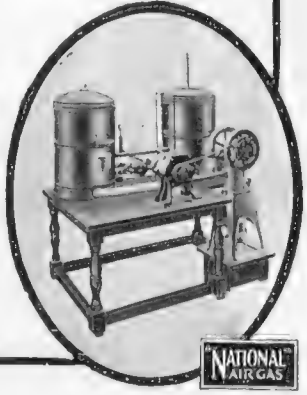

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There are so many splendid decorative annuals which are admirably adapted for indoor use that it is remarkable they are not made more use of. It is frequently advanced that this section of garden plants are too weedy and straggly in growth. This is not so, as if given moderate cultivation and ample room, annuals provide more bloom over a longer period than many of the bedding plants so much in vogue which provide very little material for cutting.

We have not sufficient room to go into the subject here, but if you are interested, send for our admirable little booklet, which gives cultural directions and the names of annuals which, if only given a small proportion of the care expended upon bedding plants, will provide you with pleasing colour schemes for the adornment of your rooms. A visit to our trial grounds during the months from May to September will give fresh ideas of the enormous numbers of flowers, many of which are not generally known, and only require to be seen to be included in your next year's garden programme.

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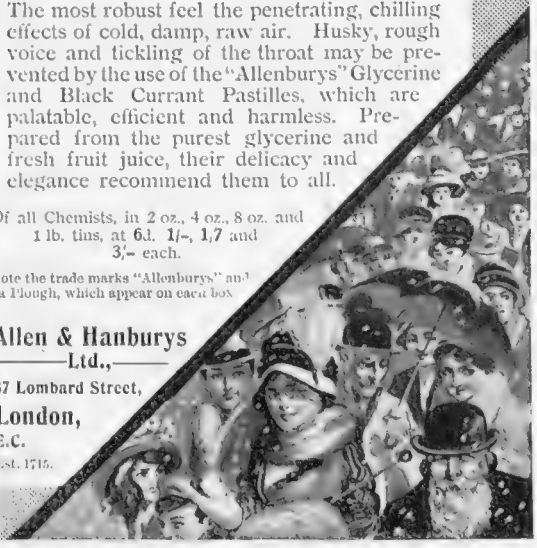


. . "like most of his fellow-knights, he was much addicted to simmering in the hottest water that he could possibly endure."

—"SIR NIGEL," by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

After a heavy day's fighting, or jousting, or travel, the sinewy warriors of those days of chivalry restored their tired muscles by "simmering" in hot water.

True, it is not likely that they left their armour on. And we have no authority for the picture. It is simply put there to attract the attention of the reader in a light-hearted fashion to a serious fact—which all too many people overlook—

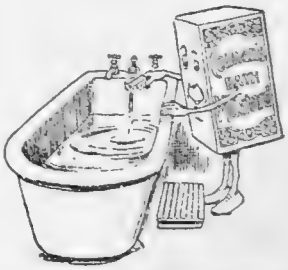
A bath may be ever so restful, ever so pleasant, taken in the ordinary way. But a bath without mustard in it is no more to be compared with a *mustard*-bath for its benefits to the skin, the nerves, the vital organs—than is the ancient wooden tub to be compared with the gleaming porcelain bath of to-day.

In the bath, mustard has a really wonderful effect—scientifically proved, and attributed by physicians to the extraordinary combination of oils, beneficial acids and crystals of which mustard consists.

It dilates the blood-vessels of the skin. These blood-vessels have vascular communication with the great organs of the body. Thus the blood-pressure in the great organs is relieved and evenly distributed.

Why not make your bath a pleasure, and a tonic as well? Colman's Mustard will do it.

Dealers sell Colman's Bath-Mustard, specially prepared for the bath, and in handy bath-sized packets. Colman's is *so* good, and so cheap, too. Try it—just once!



'Let Muster Mistard prepare your bath.'

EARLY MOTOR-CAR TYPES

No. 3. The Canstatt Daimler.

For the third of our early motor car types we have to go to Germany, whence we return with the archaic-looking Daimler here shown. This is one of the earliest types emanating from the brain of Herr Gottlieb Daimler, the father of the modern motor car, and was built at Canstatt in 1894. Carriage design is adhered to more faithfully than in either the Bremer or the Panhard, described earlier. The engine, it will be noticed, is carried at the back, whilst the two tanks, in front of the dashboard and under the body respectively, contain water and petrol. Petrol was also fed from the petrol tank to two spirit lamps, which heated the platinum ignition tubes. When these lamps blew out on a windy day, as they frequently did, the car incontinently stopped. When in motion it could be reckoned on for 15 miles an hour.

Dunlop tyres were *not* fitted, but a little piece of contemporary history may be interesting. In 1894 the detachable Dunlop cycle tyre had been on the market just a year. Its introduction, at a time when the problem of tyre repair was taxing the wisest heads, and its simple method of working, produced a profound sensation in the cycle world. As one journal remarked at the time, "The Company are determined to leave no stone unturned to keep the leading position in the manufacture of pneumatic tyres." It is by the steadfast pursuance of this policy that the Company hold to-day the same place in public estimation as in the far-away days of the Canstatt Daimler.

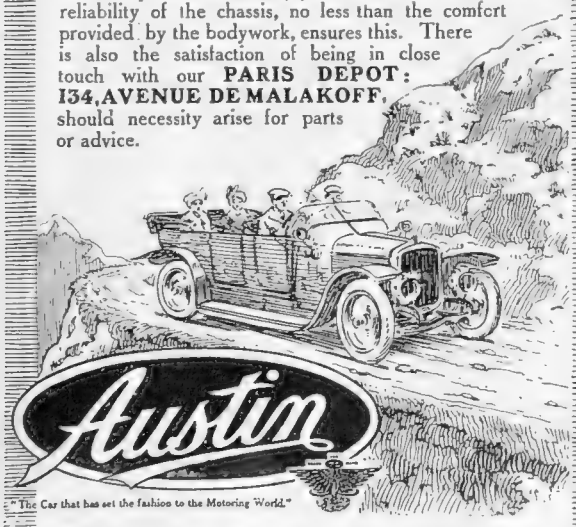
DUNLOP TYRES

FIRST IN 1888 : FOREMOST EVER SINCE

SEE THE BEAUTIES OF THE RIVIERA

from an Austin.

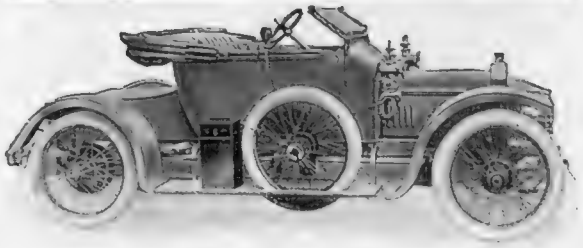
A continental tour in an Austin car can be undertaken with every assurance of enjoyable results. The thorough reliability of the chassis, no less than the comfort provided by the bodywork, ensures this. There is also the satisfaction of being in close touch with our **PARIS DEPOT: 134, AVENUE DE MALAKOFF,** should necessity arise for parts or advice.



Models from 10 h.p. 4-cyl., to 50 h.p. 6-cyl., Chassis and Carriage Catalogues on request.

THE AUSTIN MOTOR COMPANY LTD., LONGBRIDGE WORKS, NORTHFIELD, BIRMINGHAM.

LONDON: 479-483, Oxford Street, W.
Also at Paris, Manchester, Norwich



"A Leader Amongst the Leaders."
—The Motor.

STRAKER-SQUIRE

DERBY,
Dec. 4, 1912.

I would not part with my Straker-Squire for any money. It is the finest little car in the world, and we are not afraid of it meeting any car here.

(*Signed*) G. DOULD.

15 H.P. ONE MODEL ONLY. SUITABLE FOR ALL TYPES OF BODY.

S. STRAKER & SQUIRE, Ltd., 75-77, Shaftesbury Av. LONDON, W.

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TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London."
TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard (3 lines)

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

Offices: 20, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.

Also New York, Winnipeg, Sydney, Victoria (B.C.) and Buenos Ayres.

HUNTING WITH THE HEYTHROP, BICESTER, AND WARWICKSHIRE HOUNDS.
TO BE SOLD.

THIS WELL-APPOINTED RESIDENCE, built of stone, in the Elizabethan style of architecture, occupies a delightful position, over 600ft. above the sea, facing South. The accommodation includes: 4 reception rooms, 12 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.

HEATED BY HOT WATER. MODERN DRAINAGE.
STABLING FOR 7, HEATED GARAGE, AND USEFUL OUTBUILDINGS. COTTAGE.

The beautiful old gardens contain some fine trees. There are tennis and croquet lawns, archery ground, rose garden, shady walks, large walled kitchen garden and meadow-land, in all about

20 ACRES.

—Full particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.

BY INSTRUCTIONS FROM H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF ALBANY.
"THE VILLA NEVADA," CANNES.
TO BE LET FOR THE SEASON.

IT OCCUPIES A BEAUTIFUL POSITION, with lovely views over the Esterel Mountains. The accommodation includes: 2 salons, dining room, 6 best bedrooms, 4 servants' bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; electric light is installed; heated by hot-water coils; certified drainage.—Particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.

SUSSEX.
ADJOINING THE SOUTH DOWNS, BETWEEN LEWES AND THE COAST.
TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED, OR SOLD.

THIS PICTURESQUE OLD-FASHIONED MANOR HOUSE, covered with flowering and other creepers, occupies a cheerful and entirely secluded position overlooking the South Downs. The accommodation includes: lounge hall, 3 large reception rooms, 12 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom; good stabling, 4 cottages.

BEAUTIFUL OLD GARDENS OF 8 ACRES.

Full-sized tennis court, old ornamental lawns, walled kitchen garden and 2 paddocks. The whole Property is in excellent order.—Full particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (3,727)

IN A PRETTY PART OF KENT.
About 30 miles from London; ¼ mile from station, church, and village.

TO BE SOLD, OR LET ON LEASE, the above very well-designed RESIDENCE, standing 300ft. above sea level, well away from the main road, and containing: lounge hall, dining and drawing rooms, billiard room, 8 bedrooms, large attic which could be converted into servants' bedrooms, bathroom.

COMPANY'S WATER. GAS COULD BE CONNECTED.
THERE IS A GATE LODGE, AND STABLING.

The gardens are exceptionally well laid out, and include rose garden, vegetable garden, small orchard, tennis lawn, and pasture-land. The Property could be had with 7 or 17 acres.—For further particulars and photographs, apply to Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W. (5,751)

25 MINUTES BY RAIL FROM LONDON.

SURREY (1 mile from two stations and situated in an unique position almost adjoining the Downs).—TO BE SOLD.

This exceptionally attractive RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, extending to 2½ acres. The House stands well away from the road and commands delightful views; it is substantially built and is approached by a carriage-drive with picturesque lodge at entrance. There are entrance hall, large drawing room, dining room panelled in oak, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, boxroom, etc.

ELECTRIC LIGHT AND GAS THROUGHOUT.
COMPANY'S WATER. MAIN DRAINAGE.

The stabling, well removed from the house, is substantially built, and comprises 3 stalls, 2 loose boxes, coach-house, and men's rooms. The pleasure gardens are tastefully laid out and include 2 lawns, tennis and croquet lawns, rose garden, kitchen garden, fruit garden, vinery, etc. Within a short distance of 2 golf links.—Further particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Sq., London, W. (6,687)

UNDER 2 HOURS FROM LONDON.
TO BE SOLD.

A SMALL, COMPACT ESTATE with an old English MANOR HOUSE of Tudor origin, well sheltered from the North and East, and standing 400ft. above the sea. The wide carriage drive terminates in an old stone-flagged terrace, and the accommodation includes: 3 reception rooms, 11 bedrooms and 2 bathrooms, excellent domestic offices; electric light; stabling, garage; farmery; very beautiful pleasure grounds, rose garden, old well garden, orchard, productive kitchen gardens and meadow-land, in all about 31 acres.—Full particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.

TELEPHONE NOS: Mayfair 2777 and Gerrard 6852. Yeovil 43.

WILSON & GRAY

TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESSES: "Wilsogra, London." "Wilsogra, Yeovil."

THE OLDEST ESTABLISHED AND PRINCIPAL AGENCY FOR TUDOR, ELIZABETHAN, AND OLD-FASHIONED PROPERTIES of interest for SALE or for LETTING. Furnished or Unfurnished. Owners and Applicants *can obtain expert and reliable information and advice.*

SURREY AND SUSSEX BORDERS.—In a choice position, standing 300ft. above sea level, with beautiful views.

FOR SALE, AN EXCEPTIONALLY FINE RESIDENTIAL AND SPORTING ESTATE OF 225 ACRES.

Beautiful modern house, approached by carriage drive with lodge: 14 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, billiard room; Company's water; acetylene gas; telephone; stabling, garage; cottages, farm-buildings.

SINGULARLY CHARMING GARDENS.

—WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, W.

HANTS (BETWEEN WINCHESTER AND PETERSFIELD).

425ft. above sea level. South aspect. Gravel soil.

FOR SALE AT A LOW PRICE, an exceptionally fine RESIDENTIAL and SPORTING ESTATE of nearly 300 ACRES. The House is situate in the centre of the Estate, right back from the road, and contains: lounge hall, 4 reception rooms, complete offices, 13 bedrooms, bathroom.

FINELY TIMBERED OLD GARDENS.

Stabling for 10; model homestead; 8 cottages; shooting lodge.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W., and Yeovil.

BEAUTIFUL OLD SUSSEX MANOR HOUSE

with

50 OR 250 ACRES.

FOR SALE, AT A LOW PRICE.—Hall, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 13 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.

SUPERB OLD OAK BEAMS AND PANELLING.

300 yds. carriage drive, with lodge.

DELIGHTFUL OLD GARDENS.

—Inspected and recommended by the Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, W.

RESTORATION OF OLD-WORLD PLACES.—WILSON and GRAY prepare plans and specifications for the renovation and restoration of old Houses and Mansions at *moderate fees.* WILSON and GRAY have, by careful study and considerable *practical experience*, gained extensive knowledge in this special branch of their business, and if desired they will be pleased to arrange for clients to inspect either work completed or work now in hand. *Owners are respectfully invited to consult Wilson and Gray respecting contemplated improvements.*

HISTORIC FREEHOLD SURREY ESTATE.

800 ACRES (INCLUDING SEVERAL GOOD COVERTS).

BEAUTIFUL EARLY SIXTEENTH-CENTURY MANOR HOUSE WITH LOVELY OLD-WORLD TOPIARY AND OTHER GARDENS.

10 bedrooms, dressing room, 2 bathrooms, grand old staircase, 4 magnificent reception rooms with oak panelling;

stabling, lodges, 2 farmhouses, several cottages.

NO TITHE OR LAND TAX.

LORDSHIP OF MANOR AND ADVOWSON INCLUDED.

RENT ROLL, £1,000 PER ANNUM.

NEAR GOLF COURSE AND STATION.

UNDER AN HOUR'S RAIL FROM LONDON. MODERATE PRICE.

—Inspected and very highly recommended by Messrs. WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, W.

AMIDST THE MOST GLORIOUS SUSSEX SCENERY.

50 minutes from London by express trains.

TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED OR FURNISHED.

A **SINGULARLY BEAUTIFUL HOUSE,** approached by long carriage drive with lodge.

Oak-panelled dining room, 2 other reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.

GRANDLY TIMBERED OLD-WORLD GARDENS.

SHOOTING OVER ABOUT 400 ACRES.

Stabling; 2 garages; 2 cottages.

—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

OXFORDSHIRE (easy reach of Oxford).

FOR SALE.

A GENUINE AND UNSPOILT TUDOR HOUSE,

with all characteristic features intact.

SUPERB OLD OAK PANELLING.

MASSIVE OAK BEAMS.

Large oak-panelled lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 8 or 9 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling, garage, cottage.

BEAUTIFUL OLD GARDENS AND SMALL PARK.

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WILTS, DORSET, SOMERSET, HANTS, CORNWALL, DEVON.

WILSON & GRAY, OF LONDON AND YEOVIL, are Agents for the more important Properties now available in the above Counties. Lists will be sent gratis on receipt of requirements.

BY ORDER OF EXECUTORS.

LOW PRICE.

EXCEPTIONAL OPPORTUNITY TO ANYONE PREPARED TO COMPLETE RESTORATION.

SUSSEX.

Between Horsham and Three Bridges.

A GENUINE OLD-WORLD HOUSE

400 YEARS OLD.

Superb oak timberings, herring-bone brickwork, and stone slab roof. Interior rich in old oak beams and open fireplaces. 5 reception and billiard rooms, 13 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.

GRANDLY TIMBERED PARK OF 50 ACRES.

Ornamental lake and charming woodland glen. —Inspected and highly recommended by the Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

GENUINE OLD JACOBEAN MANOR HOUSE.

3 miles from the Dorset Coast.

A SINGULARLY CHOICE PROPERTY FOR SALE ON EXCEPTIONAL TERMS: 16 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms, billiard room.

FINE OLD OAK PANELLING.

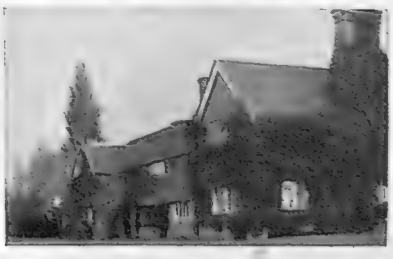
Stabling. Garage.

ELECTRIC LIGHT.

BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS OF 9 ACRES.

—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, and at Yeovil.

SURREY.—In the beautiful neighbourhood of Witley and Godalming; glorious views: perfect scenery.



A BARGAIN PRICE will be accepted for the above BEAUTIFUL OLD RED BRICK HOUSE AND CHARMING GROUNDS OF 4 ACRES.

Grand galleried hall, 30 by 20, with massive oak beams and rafters exposed to view; 3 reception and billiard rooms, 8 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling for 3.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

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FARM OF 112 ACRES

TO BE SOLD,
AT A LOW PRICE,
IN FAVOURITE PART OF SUSSEX,
with
GOOD HOUSE AND FARM-BUILDINGS.

—Full details from HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

SHOOTING OVER 3,000 ACRES.

A FEW MILES FROM AN IMPORTANT TOWN.
EAST ANGLIA.

TO BE SOLD, AN IMPOSING RESIDENTIAL ESTATE OF 800 ACRES, comprising the above attractive mansion, with suite of reception rooms, 17 bedrooms, bathrooms, etc.
MAGNIFICENTLY TIMBERED PARK OF 120 ACRES.

Two long carriage drives with lodges, ample stabling, several cottages, farmery, including also an ADVOWSON OF LIVING AND MANOR. Shooting over 3,000 acres can be rented, or the mansion and shooting might be let.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

SHOOTING OVER 4,000 ACRES. TROUT FISHING.

HANTS (in a very favourite part; on gravel soil).—To be LET, Unfurnished, the above HISTORICAL COUNTRY MANSION, approached by a long carriage drive, and surrounded by REALLY CHARMING GROUNDS OF 25 ACRES. Entrance hall, 4 reception rooms, billiard room, 15 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms; ample stabling, motor garage, 3 cottages, farmery, etc. ACETYLENE GAS, RADIATORS. SHOOTING OVER 4,000 ACRES. TROUT FISHING.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

5 MINUTES FROM AND OVERLOOKING GOLF LINKS.

LOVELY RYE.—To be SOLD, the above exceedingly attractive RESIDENCE, beautifully placed and commanding LOVELY VIEWS: 4 reception rooms, 10 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; EXCEEDINGLY PRETTY GROUNDS of 1¼ acres, and an orchard of 1 acre can be had adjoining. Price, only £3,000.—Full details of HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (14,558)

DEVON, CORNWALL, AND WEST OF ENGLAND.

Several Properties required to suit applicants whose special requirements have been sent exclusively to us.

INDIVIDUAL ATTENTION IS SPECIALLY GIVEN BY A DEVONIAN.

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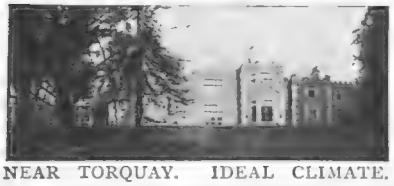
45 MINUTES' MOTOR RUN OF TOWN.

4 reception, billiard room, 18 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms; stabling; farmery; motor-house; cottage and lodge.

SURREY (within easy reach of a main line station, and ONLY 45 MINUTES' MOTOR DRIVE FROM HYDE PARK).—To be SOLD, the above
EXCEEDINGLY CHOICE COUNTRY PROPERTY,
in a lovely position well away from road, approached by pretty drive with lodge, in the centre of WELL-TIMBERED GROUNDS and park-like land of about
47 ACRES,
surrounded by NOBLEMEN'S ESTATES.
—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

GLORIOUS DEVONSHIRE COAST.
WITH LOVELY PANORAMIC VIEWS OF LAND AND SEA.



NEAR TORQUAY. IDEAL CLIMATE.
Lounge hall, 4 reception rooms, bathroom, 10 bed and dressing rooms. Excellent golf links near. Rough shooting if desired.
LOW RENT.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED, for the Winter months or a term of years, the above charming RESIDENCE, occupying a sheltered position on high ground in the midst of beautiful surroundings. The attractive pleasure grounds include full-sized tennis lawn, walled kitchen and flower gardens, etc.; stabling for 3 or 4 horses.—Inspected and recommended by EDWIN FEAR and WALKER, Winchester. (Folio 198 F)

IN THE CENTRE OF THE HAMBLEDON HUNT.

Suite of reception rooms, 22 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms; electric light and telephone, radiators, and Co.'s water; stabling and garage; golf links adjoining. Well furnished in the antique style. Beautiful Jacobean panelling.

HANTS (10 miles from Winchester).—To be LET, Furnished, for 6 or 9 months, the above-depicted, very attractive RESIDENCE (Lutyens built), occupying a charming open situation on high ground, with extensive views, beautiful and well-timbered grounds, including pleasaunce; large prolific garden, orchard, etc.—All particulars from the Owner's Agents, Messrs. EDWIN FEAR and WALKER, who strongly recommend the Property from personal knowledge. (Folio 144 F)

SURREY HILLS. EXECUTOR'S BARGAIN. MUST BE SOLD.
PRICE ONLY ONE THIRD OF ACTUAL COST.

THE ABOVE VERY ATTRACTIVE FREEHOLD RESIDENCE, placed amidst delightful scenery, offers an unusual opportunity to a buyer. It stands 500ft. above sea, approached by carriage drive with lodge, and contains: large lounge hall, 4 reception, billiard, 15 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, etc. There are beautiful pleasure grounds, glasshouses, stables, cottages, & meadows, in all about 32 acres.—Agents, Messrs. PERKS and LANNING, 13, Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, S.W. (5,442)

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A PERFECT KENTISH ESTATE, APPEALING TO BUYERS OF REFINED TASTES.

NEAR CANTERBURY.—An IMPOSING and BEAUTIFUL ELIZABETHAN-STYLE MANSION, in perfect order; 2 large lounge halls, 3 handsome reception, full-sized billiard, 2 bath, 15 bedrooms.

NOTORIOUSLY BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS AND PARKLANDS OF 35 ACRES.

Excellent stabling, motor garage, 11 cottages; hot-water radiators, main water, acetylene gas. BARGAIN, £8,000. Actual income from cottages, fruit and land, £174 2s. per annum.

EASY REACH OF TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

High up; light soil; main water; golf.

A **PICTURESQUE OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE**: 3 large reception, full-sized billiard room, bath, 8 bedrooms; long carriage drive; beautifully timbered old-world pleasure grounds and pasture-land of

9 ACRES.

Stabling, garage, farmery; shooting available.

BARGAIN, £2,700.

COMMANDING GRAND VIEWS OVER THE SEVERN.

WORCESTERSHIRE (close to an historical old town, 'midst beautiful country).—Picturesque, substantially built RESIDENCE: 13 bed, bath, billiard, 3 handsome reception rooms, and lounge hall. LOVELY GROUNDS and pasture-land

13 ACRES.

Stabling for 4, cottage; sandstone soil; excellent water supply, gas, heating.

PRICE, ONLY £2,900.

—Photos, F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

SUFFOLK AND ESSEX BORDERS.—Exceptionally attractive RESIDENTIAL ESTATE. 30 ACRES LOVELY GROUNDS AND MAGNIFICENT PARKLANDS: 4 large reception, 2 bath, 15 bed and dressing rooms; stabling, garage, cottage, farmery. Excellent order throughout.

PRICE, ONLY £3,500.

NEAR FAMOUS GOLF LINKS.
PERFECT MODERATE-SIZED COUNTRY SEAT. HIGH POSITION.
COMMANDING GRAND VIEWS.

SURREY ('midst lovely country, 40 minutes from Town).—11 bedrooms, 3 bath, full-sized billiard, 4 handsome reception rooms. BEAUTIFUL WELL-TIMBERED GROUNDS AND PARKLANDS 10 ACRES.

Capital stabling, cottage, lodge, farmery; Company's water, gas, telephone; perfect order throughout. Price, £6,000, or offer. Inspected and strongly recommended.

TIMES' PRICE BARGAIN.

PICTURESQUE NORTH DEVON.—High up, with views to Dartmoor, Exmoor, and Cornish Hills.

HUNTING, SHOOTING, FISHING, GOLF.

PICTURESQUE COUNTRY HOME: lounge hall, 3 magnificent reception, billiard, bath, 12 bed and dressing rooms; stabling; farmery, pretty pleasure grounds, and pasture-land, in all about 46 ACRES. Hot and cold water, gas, modern drainage. BARGAIN, £2,400.—F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

QUITE A SHOW PLACE, NOTED FOR THE EXCEPTIONAL BEAUTY OF ITS PLEASURE GROUNDS.

ON A SPUR OF THE COTSWOLDS.
ADJOINING A FAMOUS GOLF COURSE.

THE BEAUTIFUL BLACK-AND-WHITE RESIDENCE, above depicted, contains: lofty lounge hall, 4 magnificent reception, billiard, bath, 17 bed and dressing rooms.

MAIN WATER. GAS. MODERN DRAINAGE.

Picturesque entrance lodge, 9 cottages, small farmery, NOTORIOUSLY BEAUTIFUL PLEASURE GROUNDS AND PARKLANDS OF 36 ACRES. Bargain, £9,000, or offer.—Agents, F. L. MERCER and Co., as above,

IN THE CREAM of the HUNTING.

Cottesmore, Quorn, Pytchley, and Mr. Fernie's.

AN IMPOSING AND SUBSTANTIAL GEORGIAN RESIDENCE: lounge hall, 4 reception, billiard, 11 bedrooms; old-world pleasure grounds; extensive stabling; home farm, and

109 ACRES of rich well-timbered grassland.

BARGAIN, £5,500.

ENGINEERS.
Telephone: 1602 Vic.
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NORMAN DICKSON, PRINGLE & CO.,

SPECIALISTS IN COUNTRY HOUSE APPLIANCES,

25, VICTORIA STREET, WESTMINSTER, S.W.

Electric Heating and Lighting. Acetylene Lighting. Citex Fire Extinguisher. Water Raising & Distributing Plant. Pasteur Filters.

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£2,000 will be paid by THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, Limited, Principal Offices, Nos. 36 to 44, Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to the legal personal representative of the *bona-fide* holder of this Coupon-Insurance-Ticket, if such holder shall be killed by an accident within the United Kingdom to any passenger-train, public omnibus, tram-car, or four-wheeled or hansom cab (driven by a licensed driver plying for public hire), in which such holder is travelling as an ordinary ticket-bearing or fare-paying passenger, season ticket-holder, or trader's ticket-holder; or **£1,000** will be paid by the Corporation to the legal personal representative of such holder, if such holder shall be killed by an accident, in any part of the world, to any passenger-steamer in which such holder is travelling as a fare-paying passenger; or should such holder sustain an injury, caused by an accident as above defined, which shall not prove fatal as aforesaid, but cause the Loss of Two Limbs (both arms or both legs, or one of each, by actual separation above the wrist or ankle), the Corporation will pay to such holder £1,000; or for the Loss of One Limb, under aforesaid conditions, £500.

Provided that the above undertaking is subject to the following special conditions, which are the essence of the contract, viz.: (*a*) That such death or loss result within one month after the accident, (*b*) that such holder's usual signature shall have been written in ink or pencil, in the space provided underneath, before the accident, (*c*) that notice in case of injury be given to the Corporation at its Principal Office in London within seven days after the accident, and in case of death within fourteen days after the accident, (*d*) that medical certificates and other information be furnished by the person claiming upon request for the same by the Corporation, and (*e*) that this Insurance applies only to persons over twelve and under seventy years of age, is limited to one Coupon-Insurance-Ticket for each holder, and holds good for the current week of issue only.

This Insurance entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE COMPANY, LIMITED, ACT, 1890," Risks Nos. 2, 3, 5, and 6, when they are not incompatible with the special conditions above stated.

This Insurance extends from and includes Tuesday, the 7th day of Jan., 1913, to the midnight of Wednesday, the 15th day of Jan., 1913.

The possession of this Coupon-Insurance-Ticket is admitted to be the payment of a premium under Sec. 33 of the Act. A print of the Act can be seen at the Principal Office of the Corporation.

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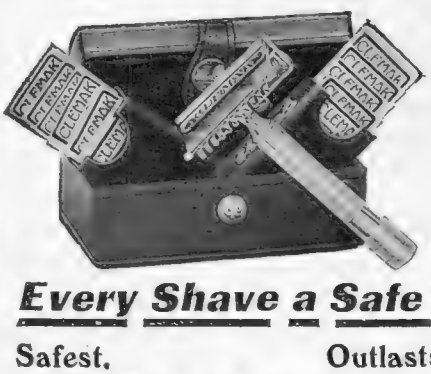

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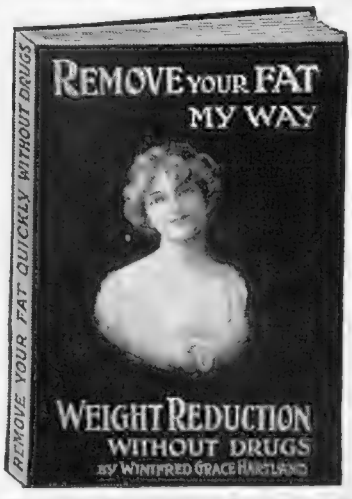

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Her method is so simple and harmless that it is a wonder someone has not thought of applying this means long ago. Several of her friends have tried this process with the same astonishing results, and there seems to be no question but that she has hit upon the only safe and sane way ever discovered for over-stout people for removing their excessive fat.

She has most reluctantly yielded to the persuasion of the enthusiastic friends to publish a book showing the means she employed to reduce herself to such beautiful proportions after losing the shapeliness of her figure through obesity.

The first copies of this interesting book are just off the press, and are certainly a work of art. The book is written in extremely fascinating style and contains some very fine illustrations of this famous model. It is wonderfully instructive, and there is no doubt but that it will prove of great benefit to the over-stout.

Miss Hartland, who has considerable means, has kindly consented to send a copy of her book free to anyone interested in her discovery. All she asks is that a 1*d.* stamp be enclosed for postage. Simply state that you would like a copy of her book, "Weight Reduction Without Drugs," and address your letter to:

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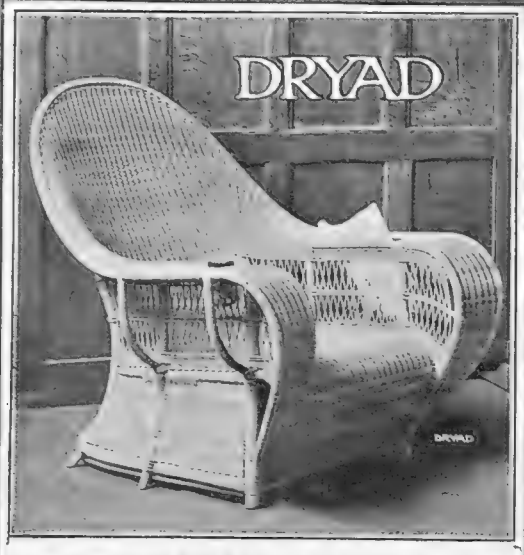

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THE DAIMLER IN INDIA

A 30 h.-p. six-cylinder Daimler, owned by Cassamally J. Peerbhoy, Esq., J.P., one of the leaders of the Moslem community in Bombay. Generally the "black boy" accommodates himself somehow on the running board of the car, sitting tailor-wise, and apparently quite comfortably. In this case he is provided with an accessory seat, hooked on outside the Mulliner cabriolet body. The Anna Valley trailer for spares is a striking and unusual feature to European eyes

MOTORING: BY LAND, SEA, and SKY

BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

The Ubiquitous Scout

The A.A. scout is ubiquitous. On the roads of Great Britain he is very nearly omnipresent. "You see him wherever you go." His salute is strictly reserved for members because the A.A. is not in competition with the R.A.C. on the road, although the contrary does not seem to apply somehow. Wherever you find him you have a man who can tell you all you wish to know about the road, the pitfalls and gins which beset it, the prettiest route for the wayfarer, the most direct for he who must travel post haste. He will pump you a tyre, which is the most damnable of the penances imposed upon the motorist who has adventured far distances without the precaution of detachable rims or wheels, or even the adventitious but inevitable Stepney; or who, on the other hand, has omitted to provide the car with that intelligent and economical accessory which mechanically inflates a tyre without need for more labour than is involved in the turn of a screw. He will cycle to the nearest official repairer to bring out expert assistance if that is required, or convoy you to the nearest telephone (which in all probability is in his own sentry-box—those monuments to road organisation which make sanctuary for hard-pressed motorists all over the country), so that the homestead may be informed how business pressure keeps the breadwinner office-tied, or so that the next hotel may be notified of your approaching advent. Also he will provide you with a directory of such hotels graded in manner that leaves nothing to speculation, but supplies the guarantee of wholesome accommodation within the limits of one's particular purse, however slender.

WHEN IN ROME!

One does as the Romans do—sometimes. This method of arrival in Rome by aeroplane, for example, is not, so far as we are aware, in strict accordance with local precedent. It is peculiar to Roland Garros, who came down nose on, miraculously escaping serious hurt

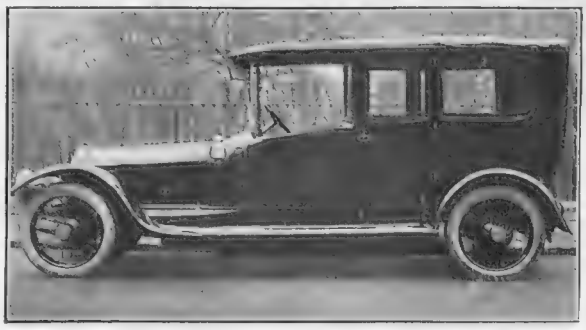
An Ever-Present Help

If you fall by the way the Scout will succour you from his first-aid wallet. If you fear the imminent deadly trap the scout will know whether the fear is groundless. If you would pass swiftly through the maze and murk of a manufacturing town (and who would dally without good cause?) he will meet you on the threshold with a town plan which is a clear key to the maze. He is the encyclopædia roadiana, a civil servant with a civility unknown to those who specially claim the title, and an ever-present help in time of trouble. He has been described by jaundiced persons as everything he is not—"liveried loafer," "military mountebank," and other choice things the laboured alliteration of which has not added a tittle to the truth nor come within hail of the fact. Generally he is a mightily obliging and industriously attentive fellow, from whom one may take a salutation gratefully, and whose smart habiliments make a sight which I have often seen with a sense of unutterable relief.

He is the bedrock-cum-sheet anchor of the Automobile Association edifice and the primest explanation of its amazing growth. Wherever he is, there the A.A. has a rallying point; and wherever he is not, there the A.A. has invaluable work still to do. Not unduly to prolong the recital, I do not know what we should do without him, and fortunately there is no need to bother, because the A.A. is rapidly approaching the six-figure mark, with a reserve of potentialities which should get it to that magnificent total without difficulty.

Sherlock Holmes: His Mark

I have been waiting space to say these things in bare justice to a fine regiment of motor service men, and gladly take this chance; but the special note that set my pencil working informed me that, in addition to his other qualities, the scout can, when put to it, display an intelligence which "my dear Watson" would have dilated in great style about had it affected his Sherlock of the shag tobacco. Here is a Scout near Chichester who, being informed of the overnight theft of an A.A. member's motor-cycle, tracked it along the road to London, and, finally, by astute questioning and a secret acumen which is generally associated with promotion in the C.I.D., brought a limb of the law to the hiding-place of the thief, recovered the machine, and laid the malefactor by the heels. Therefore, cheers for the scout and for the A.A. organisation, in whose service to motordom the scout stands as one of a score or more of benefits and facilities on the road.



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In Compression

The Sunbeam Motor-Car Company, Ltd., had a magnificent display at the Paris Salon. In addition to the whole of the exhibit on view at Olympia, there was shown the identical car with which Rigal won the Coupé de l'Auto, this alone being enough to make their stand one of the most attractive in the exhibition. If this were not enough the array of cups would weight the balance. They include those splendid trophies, the Coupé de l'Auto and Coupé de Regularité, and amount altogether to over 100, all won in hill-climbs and races during the present year.

A couple of catalogues recently received are fine examples of the printer's craft and illuminating in their literary detail. One is the new Metallurgique booklet and the other covers the Lancia, and either or both can be had for the asking from the two firms concerned.

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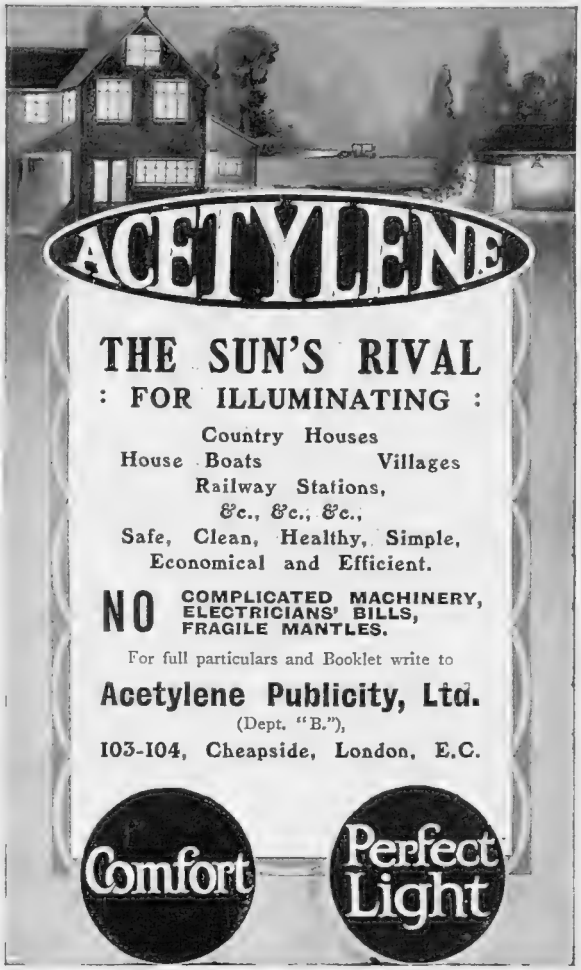

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Comfort — Perfect Light

"Get a FRODSHAM watch
I've had mine for many years, and
it is as good as ever"

FRODSHAM'S

FINE ENGLISH WATCHES
Silver - - from £10 10 0
Gold - - from £21 to £300
Gold Wristlet Watches, own make - from £9 9 0 to £21
Repeaters, Chronographs, and special "Tourbillon" Watches always in Stock.

Chas Frodsham & Co
115 NEW BOND ST LONDON

E. M. MAY

WATCH THE SMOKER OF PLAYER'S NAVY CUT AS HE FILLS HIS PIPE.

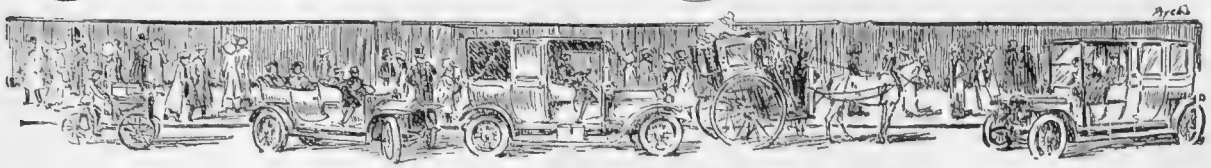
Observe his expression of quiet confidence. Confidence that Player's Navy Cut will give to the full the pleasure of cool, sweet smoking tobacco.

Player's NAVY CUT

is Pure Virginia Tobacco made by hand into Plugs —Navy Plugs— properly and carefully cut into convenient slices.

It never burns the tongue nor cloys the palate and is always 'BEAUTIFULLY COOL AND SWEET SMOKING'

Fashion's Fancies.



By MRS. JACK MAY

So 1913 is settling down into an accepted fact, and the entire shopping world is swamped in sales. It has never chanced to be my privilege to attend the first morning of one of these events. But I am given to understand they represent an experience. Personally, I should not think the play was worth the candle; the bustle and hustle must be so terribly confusing, save to the seasoned sale-monger, who makes a real business of picking up something for nothing. A sale, now, that has settled down into its stride, so to say, like that of D. H. Evans, Oxford Street, is quite one of the pleasantest to visit. The emporium is so large and light and airy, and all the goods so admirably arranged, the merest tyro is capable of coming out a victor and the triumphant possessor of bargains that are genuine in every particular.

A Notable Event

One notable event of this clearance takes place the day The Bystander is issued, namely, the 8th inst. It is the once-a-year 1*s.* per yard dress fabric day, a wholly unique procedure, wherefore those who have previously profited gladly wait a twelvemonth; while every Friday during the sale remnants are sold off at half price.

Doubtless many Bystander readers will have already received and eagerly perused the illustrated catalogue brought out by Messrs. D. H. Evans in connection with this bi-annual clearance. The bargains obtainable in gowns and costumes suitable to all occasions are truly immense. Half price and over is placed on all models, French and otherwise, the firm furthermore adding to their generosity by executing all orders at special prices during January.

Offerings in the fur department exacting speedy attention comprise several squirrel sets at most remarkable reductions, and some unprecedented offers in fur and fur-lined coats. For 59*s.* 6*d.* there is a particularly handsome wrap in smart reversible blanket tweeds, lined squirrel lock, and completed by a large shawl-shaped fur collar. There is, too, an abundance of attraction in evening wraps at incredibly low prices.

A HOUSE GOWN

Delightfully expressed in navy blue "crêpe de Chine" and "broché" velvet

(Sketched at Mme. Barri's, 72, Baker Street, by Dorothy Millar)

Blouse Department

That wonderful blouse department at D. H. Evans also more than maintains its reputation for value, the reductions standing side by side with the original prices, speaking volumes as to the determination to get rid of all superfluous stock at any sacrifice. Just to quote two examples. There is a black Merveilleux Robespierre shirt, arranged with an American yoke and the inevitable little *mouchoir* pocket, the sale price of which is only 6*s.* 9*d.*, and a neat sports' shirt in the renowned 10 momme Japanese silk, ivory only, at 5*s.* 9*d.*

Laces, the original fount and root of the house of D. H. Evans, are lowered to sacrificial prices, short lengths and oddments of embroideries and fancy laces being cleared under the heading of remnants; while in the furnishing fabrics all the beautiful cretonnes,

THE WEST-END SALES.

Now that Christmas is over, we are turning our attention to the Sales, and it is interesting to watch the crowds of shoppers thronging the West End in their quest for bargains. In my visits last week I included a call at the London Corset Company's *Salon*, 11, Hanover Street, and was enabled to make several notable additions to my wardrobe at a very moderate cost.

The speciality of the Company is the famous "La Samothrace" Corset, every one of which is made in Paris, which, as you are aware, is a very strong recommendation not only as regards cut, but also finish and workmanship.

During the sale some of these models are reduced to 9*s.* 11*d.*, this price including two pairs of suspenders; and fancy being able to purchase a real Parisian corset for this ridiculous amount.

A CHARMING WASHING CORSET.

A Corset having a large sale at the moment, and particularly suitable for dancing or hot climates, is the "Lavable," illustrated on this page. This is obtainable in two lengths and priced during the Sale at 31*s.* 6*d.* and 37*s.* 9*d.* respectively. The material is *broderie Anglaise*, one model being cut very low in the bust and exceptionally long over the hips, whilst the other is rather higher in the bust, with less length below the waist. The bones are arranged so as to enable the Corset to be washed, so that it can always be enabled to retain its fresh and dainty appearance.

A point worth remembering is that no stock is kept back so as to effect complete clearance, and no reasonable offer is, therefore, refused. A number of Corsets, slightly soiled, through being in the showroom, are being cleared at extraordinary reductions.

Included in the sale are also some very distinctive teagowns, a number of exquisite *lingerie* Dresses, and a variety of hand-made and hand-embroidered Blouses, all of which are to be cleared at exceptionally low prices.

SHOOLBRED'S

Tailor-made Shirts.

MADE TO MEASURE ONLY.

As unequalled for Country and travelling as they are smart for Town and ordinary wear.

MADE OF FINEST QUALITY COTTON ZEPHYR

SILKS.

TWILL CASHMERE, FLANNELS, etc.

And many other materials that are made expressly for this renowned shirt.

WRITE FOR PATTERNS AND SELF-MEASUREMENT FORMS.

KNOWN AND WORN ALL OVER THE WORLD.

8/6 to 45/-

THE SUNNINGDALE, Black Satin "Stock" Tie, as shown on the Figure **3/6**

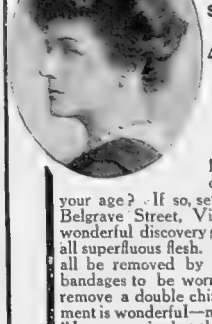
Carriage is paid on all Drapery Goods sent anywhere in the United Kingdom.

Tottenham House, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.

Mellin's Food

is distinct from all the other foods for the young and the sick. Mixed with milk, it yields everything required for the formation of the rapidly developing body of the babe—the material to make flesh and bone, the substances for producing brain and nerve, and yielding vitality and energy.

Sample of Mellin's Food, and 96-page Handbook on Care of Children, sent FREE. Mention this paper. Address—*Sample Dept., Mellin's Food, Ltd., Peckham, S.E.*



Madame ELVIRA

SPECIALIST IN BEAUTY AND FIGURE CULTURE (Under Royal Patronage),

4a, Lower Belgrave St., Victoria, S.W.

Telephone: 6017 Victoria.

HOW TO BECOME GRACEFUL

A Pretty Chin.

Have you a double chin, large bust, large hips, large waist, and a large abdomen? Flesh hanging over your corsets at the back, adding years to your age? If so, send stamped envelope to ELVIRA, or call at 4a, Lower Belgrave Street, Victoria, S.W., when she will give all particulars of a wonderful discovery she herself has made which she guarantees will remove all superfluous flesh. Wrinkles, crow's feet, bagginess beneath the eyes, can all be removed by her simple and HARMLESS method. No body bandages to be worn, no exercises nor dieting necessary. She undertakes to remove a double chin in a fortnight. Colonel's wife writes: "Your treatment is wonderful—my double chin has quite disappeared!" Doctor writes: "I am surprised at the difference you have made in my patient." This treatment reduced her waist 8in. Dozens of testimonials can be seen. Remember, it costs nothing to find out about this remedy, and MADAME ELVIRA guarantees to restore to face and figure the contour of youth. She has never had a failure, and her treatment, which is quite unique, can be perfectly carried out by ladies in their own homes.

chintzes, taffetas, Madras muslins, etc., provide an allurement that self-respecting housewives cannot afford to neglect. Cretonnes commence at 4½*d.* the yard and chintzes at 6¾*d.* *Et voilà!*

On Gowns in General

The first sketch I have to bring to your notice this week is of a house gown specially designed by Mme. Barri, of 72, Baker Street, to meet the requirements of those whose figures are in process of alteration. Having made a thoroughly exhaustive study of the subject, Mme. Barri now stands easily to the front, and is rightly protecting all these clever maternity gowns, inventions of hers, by patents. It is a little difficult in days when everyone talks glibly of *ligne* and proportion, adequately to drive home the amazing use Mme. Barri has made of these essentials. Her study of *ligne* has resulted in the production of garments that will expand to any required size without losing an iota of their original *ligne* or proportion.

A Secret

And, rightly enough, how this is brought about is Mme. Barri's secret, though one she will be pleased to expound to any lady visiting her *salon* in Baker Street. Like all great ideas, this is simple in the main, but at the same time exacts a certain deft manipulation. Nor is it restricted to one style of garment. Coats and skirts, afternoon and evening gowns, are all brought into line and fashioned in accordance with prevailing *modes*. The actual model sketched, as has been said, is for the house, and is quite delightfully expressed in navy blue *crêpe de Chine* and *broché* velvet, an arresting touch being provided in a scolloping down the front and up the back of the deep cuffs. A somewhat more recent effort, though one well established, deals with layettes. This important subject has been again thrashed out with a thoroughness that characterises all Mme. Barri undertakes, her initial consideration being hygiene and comfort for the fragile little bodies. While she has layettes to suit all purses, selection may be safely entrusted to her hands, the very best value being forthcoming for the sum it is desired to expend. Mme. Barri holds a thoroughly unique position, and her rapidly increasing *clientèle* speaks eloquently enough of the long-felt want she has supplied.

EVENING FROCK FOR YOUNG GIRL

This would be smart in ivory chiffon velvet, trimmed skunk-dyed opossum, the soft little under-bodice of chiffon drawn up on a narrow coloured ribbon toned to the roses of the old-fashioned spray

(Sketched by Dorothy Millar)

For One Week Only

Back to the sales—*the sale of a million bargains*. Harrods', of Brompton Road, one week's clearance, which will just have started when these words appear in print, is one of the most remarkable pieces of business enterprise on record. Just how such a colossal event is battled with in the short time only those personally concerned know. It is rightly named a popular opportunity, for the reductions from end to end of the mammoth *caravanserai* are literally sweeping. There is no time for further reductions in the short space of a week: the authorities therefore mark down straight away every single item of their surplus stock to prices that they are well aware will prove irresistible. It is impossible to innumerate the attractions, which in clothes range from a pocket-handkerchief to the latest French models in gowns, wraps, millinery, and household gods from a saucepan to suites of furniture.

Bargains Galore

Almost it seems invidious to make selection where all is so consistently good and cheap. But I feel impelled to draw attention to the blouses, where the very latest models are ruthlessly reduced, also the boot department, where the keen seekers after footgear treasures will go early and exercise consummate patience. Boots and shoes for all conceivable occasions can be picked up.

Then there are all the small details of the toilette, such as guimpes, collars, ostrich feather ruffles, and

IMPROVEMENTS IN

FACE, NOSE and NECK

Those tired lines around the eyes and mouth which so often appear in early middle life can be removed painlessly and permanently, hollows in cheeks and neck (salt-cellars) can be filled up in one to three sittings of thirty minutes' duration. Unsightly noses can be corrected by my new and scientific methods, restoring youthful appearance.

No home treatment. No paraffin-wax injection. A personal visit is necessary. My methods are not known to any other beauty specialist, either in England or on the Continent, and all clients are treated by myself. I advise callers free of charge. Literature (booklet B.S.) free.

C. H. WILLI, 475, Oxford St. (near Selfridge's), London, W.

Slimness obtained by wearing New Corset Creation.

Fashion's demand for slimness has at last been met by the creation of a figure-reducing belt of an entirely new description.

The new belt, which is called the "Ceinture Gaine," has been designed by Madame Soum, one of the leading corsetières of Paris, and it has already evoked widespread comment.

Made from a special elastic material, it is extremely soft and supple, and fits the figure as evenly as a glove. Without causing the least pressure, it keeps the figure within defined limits, and develops slimness and symmetry on approved hygienic lines.

Eminent physicians recommend the "Ceinture Gaine," as it affords exceptional comfort and ease; for sport and travel it is ideal. When worn with chest support, even stout ladies can obtain a truly becoming effect.

The "Ceinture Gaine" is an object of much attention at the fashionable Regent Street and Brompton Road Salons of Madame Soum. Ladies are cordially invited to see this latest Corset creation as soon as possible, or, if a personal visit is not convenient, to write for the illustrated Catalogue, which will be sent post free.

MADAME SOUM, 193, REGENT STREET, W. *'Phone: City 4229.*
138 BROMPTON ROAD, S.W. *Phone: Western 3059.*
AND AT PARIS.

Tel. 8454 Gerrard

GOWNS
TAILOR MADES

French Staff.

Mascotte

89, PARK STREET,
PARK LANE, W.

HOOPING-COUGH.
CROUP.
ROCHE'S HERBAL EMBROCATION.

The Celebrated Effectual Cure without Internal Medicine.
In constant use for the past 120 years.
The Embrocation will be found Effectual in cases of
BRONCHITIS & LUMBAGO.
COPY OF AN ORDER RECEIVED.

"Baroness Meltzing requests Messrs. Edwards to despatch six bottles of Roche's Herbal Embrocation, used for children having Hooping-Cough, to her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cumberland.—Penzing, Vienna, 24th March, 1889."
The above order was repeated 1894, 1899, 1903, and 1905.

TELEGRAM—LDN., MERAN, 785, 38, 14/10/90, 10/5.—M.
"Messrs. Edwards, London, 157, Queen Victoria Street.—Please send immediately two bottles Roche's Embrocation for Hooping-Cough to Count Montenoch, at the Duke Phillip of Wuerttemberg, Abbazia, Austro-Hungary.
"Two others to me, Princess Windischgraetz, Meran, Tyrol."

Sold by Druggists throughout the United Kingdom, the Colonies, and Abroad.
Price 6/- per bottle. Sole Wholesale Agents—
W. EDWARDS & SON, 157, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.
Paris: Roberts and Co., 5, Rue de la Paix. New York: Fougera and Co., 90, Beekman Street.
Montreal: Lymans, Ltd.

Rest and Comfort

for the mother and health for the baby, follow the use of the 'Allenburys' Foods. They resemble healthy human milk in composition, nutritive value and digestibility. Babies fed on the 'Allenburys' Foods invariably thrive well.

The 'Allenburys' Foods

MILK FOOD No 1
From birth to 3 months
MILK FOOD No. 2
From 3 to 6 months
MALTED FOOD No. 3
From 6 months upwards

Pamphlet "Infant Feeding and Management" sent free.

Allen & Hanburys Ltd., Lombard St., London

F145

suchlike. A very special offer occurs in printed *ninon* and chiffon scarves, 2¾yd. long by 31in. wide, all of which are going at 8*s.* 11*d.* The glove bargains reach to several thousands, while every woman knows that the offerings in household linens and damasks are of exceptional value and character. On Friday, the 10th, remnants will be reduced to half their marked prices, a simple enough sum of arithmetic.

In their second catalogue Harrods deal mainly with the *Lares et Penates* of existence. Some of the furniture is marked down extraordinarily cheap, including about 500 bedroom suites in oak, comprising a 5ft. wardrobe, 3ft. dressing-chest with large mirror, washstand with marble top and artistic tile back, cupboard under, and towel-rail attached, and two chairs, the whole set going for £9 18*s.* 6*d.*

Another notable feature is the carpets, Harrods offering the whole of their valuable collection of British and Oriental carpets, gathered from East and West, at a general reduction of 25 per cent., a saving that works out appreciably, whether the outlay runs to many or merely a few pounds. Furnishing fabrics are treated even more drastically. Nor is the least of the bargains to be found in the china and glass, pieces bearing the scintillation of a blemish, as, for example, some War Office rejects in glass and some exquisite Limoges china, going regardless of cost.

A Favourite Establishment

Of time-honoured service are the clearances of surplus stock at Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street. Many of us can look back over years of profitable purchases made here, where it is superfluous at this date to bring the reminder that the bargains obtainable are absolutely genuine. This firm have stood their ground steadily in upholding the integrity of the house, the while they have stepped steadily with the times in bringing the great block of buildings they occupy in Oxford Street and Vere Street into line with the demands of the day. There still remains to be completed the rearrangement of the ground floor, and more speedily to accomplish this the firm find it necessary to reduce to vanishing point the entire stock of silks and dress materials.

Bargains of a lifetime obtain in some lovely printed *ninons*, gauzes, and marquisettes, all double-width, reduced to the commencing price of 2*s.*, a very special offer comprising 600yd. of black pure silk marquisette, 56in. wide, that has been run down to a sale price of 3*s.* 9*d.* the yard. Nor have Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove omitted their customary offer of coloured taffetas from 1*s.* the yard. Thousands of pounds worth of real lace carries appreciable reductions. Commencing on the 6th inst., Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove deem three weeks sufficient to effect the clearance of surplus goods, during which period the strict order is upheld of no importunity to buy.

Elvira, 4a, Lower Belgrave Street

Among other advantages in connection with Mme. Elvira's treatment of figure culture and the skin is the pleasant fact that it can be carried on by ladies at home. The basis of her skin treatment is a really wonderful massage cream. This looks like a delicious strawberry cream ice, and is just very delicately flavoured with rose. What this emollient will work, only personal experience can prove. Rubbed into the face and throat, with the correct massage movements—which are so easily acquired—this cream builds up tissues, destroys blackheads, and generally purifies.

For the removal of superfluous flesh, Elvira claims to have never had a failure, and this without any special exercises or changes in diet. As a matter of fact, Elvira has made a most remarkable discovery, and so sure is she of her ground she actually guarantees to restore both the face and figure to the comparative contours of youth. Moreover, it costs nothing to find out about this remedy. A letter and mention of THE BYSTANDER addressed to 4a, Lower Belgrave Street, S.W., will acquire the secret. The method employed is a perfectly simple and harmless one; in a word, it is unique, and very well worth investigating.

Messrs. Poole and Lord, of Oxford Street

A FEW weeks ago I had some complimentary remarks to make about Messrs. Poole and Lord, gentlemen's outfitters, of 322, Oxford Street, W., and it is with great pleasure I learn that since the business was taken over last August by Messrs. D. H. Evans and Co., the well-known Oxford Street firm, it has continued to prosper. Not only is the old *clientèle* perfectly satisfied with the new *régime*, but there are already many new customers on the books. No doubt long-standing patrons will be glad to know that all the cutters and fitters have been given the opportunity of remaining, and with one or two exceptions they have elected to do so. The business is still conducted upon the same excellent lines that has made it such a conspicuous success. The manner in which Messrs. Poole and Lord's came into the hands of Messrs. D. H. Evans and Co. may be of interest to old patrons. Mr. Lord, the only surviving partner, being desirous of retiring, approached his big neighbour with an offer of the sale of his business, and the negotiations were speedily and satisfactorily concluded.

A Reminder

It may be as well here to remind my readers that Messrs. Poole and Lord cater for every need of mere man, and not only are all the goods of the very best quality, but they are moderate in price. Messrs. Poole and Lord's famous Flexible Hip Belt Band Drawers are the acme of comfort for hunting, shooting, riding, and for hard wear generally. They are, of course, made to measure in cotton, merino, all-wool, and silk web, and are all breeches cut. Then I must mention this firm's reputation as expert shirt cutters and the originators of the "Sans Plis Shirt," and they will gladly make a sample shirt, collar, or any other article to special measurements, and the patterns will be carefully preserved to ensure accuracy in the execution of future orders. In addition to these, there are, of course, dressing-gowns, jackets, pyjamas, ties, gloves, and, indeed, all that goes to complete the outfit of the well-dressed man, everything being in the best taste. ECONOMIST

Nothing genuine without the Ganesh Trade Mark.

Mrs. ADAIR

92, NEW BOND STREET (OXFORD ST. END), LONDON, W. Telephone: GERRARD 3782.

PARIS; NEW YORK.

The Ganesh Chin Strap will remove a double chin and preserve the contour of the face, 21/6, 25/6.

Mrs. Adair is recommended by the Medical Profession and Patronised by Royalty.

MRS. JACK MAY writes in *Country Life*:—". . . . It was only when I got outside that Fatigue once more claimed me for her own, and the glass in the hansom revealed a haggard face, with deep purple circles round weary eyes. 'What shall we do?' I cried to my companion, who was powdering her nose with the energy of despair. 'I cannot face a big dinner-party to-night with such a mask as this!' My friend is a woman of intelligence and action. 'I know,' she said, as she snapped her powder puff into her little gold-meshed purse, 'we'll go and sample **Mrs. Adair!**' And in a few minutes we were at **92, NEW BOND STREET**, and had poured our tale of woe into handsome **Mrs. Adair's** kindly ears. 'I think we can set matters right, she said with a smile, and, calling two pretty girls, we were soon reposing in two comfortable armchairs, and half the fatigue and the dreadful 'drawn' feeling of the skin of the face seemed to vanish under the preliminary application of **'Diable Skin Tonic' (21/6, 10/6, 7/6 and 5/6)**, for cleansing and bracing the face, followed by the **'Ganesh Eastern Oil (30/6, 21/6, 10/6 and 5/6) and Cream' (10/6, 6/6 and 3/6)**, which was patted into the skin with an extraordinary movement, for Mrs. Adair's cardinal principle is that the skin should never be pushed or pulled in any way, on account of its elasticity. The patting or drumming movements brace up the muscles underneath the skin, and that is the result to aim at, for if the muscles are firm and full there can be no puffiness or slackness of the skin. The whole treatment was so extraordinarily soothing and restful, especially round and over the eyes and eyelids, that I went to sleep; but when I woke up at the end of an hour, and was told by the smiling operator to look at myself in the glass, I could hardly believe that the rosy face and bright eyes I saw therein belonged to the same haggard countenance I had brought there an hour and a half previously. **Such magic must be seen and experienced to be believed, and I could see I was not made up in any way."**

The really useful book, **"How to Restore and Retain the Youthful Beauty of Face and Form,"** sent by return free of charge. **CONSULTATION FREE.**

"MY MASTER'S VALUABLES ARE SECURE."

LOCKS, BOLTS, AND BARS
may **FLY ASUNDER,**
But not **TO RIFLE,**
ROB, OR PLUNDER
("The Wolf," with apologies)

If your Cash or Jewels are safe in a

"TRUSTY" Alarm Box.

CASH BOXES from £2 0 0 to £5 0 0
An Ideal Present for a Gentleman

GOLD MEDAL	GOLD MEDAL
Antwerp Exhibition 1911	Paris Exhibition 1912

A necessity to all who wish to secure the SAFETY of their valuables at home or on their travels.

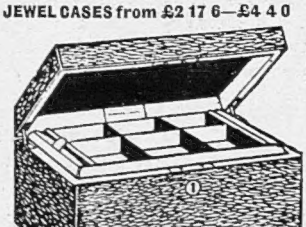
Nothing to get out of order.

SIMPLE, RELIABLE, EFFECTIVE.

Illustrated Booklet Post Free.

JEWEL CASES from £2 17 6—£4 4 0

These **Portable Safes** are a life-time insurance against burglary, for which there is **ONLY ONE PREMIUM to pay—the Initial cost.** The Cash Boxes are made in Solid Steel. Jewel Cases in Steel Japanned, and Steel or Hardwood Leather covered, in various dainty colours.



THE TIMES says: "The slightest movement puts the alarm in motion."
TRUTH says: "The many frequent robberies of jewel cases that take place while ladies are travelling would seem to be rendered practically impossible."

Special Sizes and Requirements made to order.

MAINWARING & CO.,
194, SHAFTESBURY AV., LONDON, W.C.
Telephone: 6805 GERRARD.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

BARLEY, WHEAT, and MILK in Powder Form.

THE IDEAL FOOD DRINK FOR ALL AGES.

Delicious, nourishing, and refreshing.

The wholesome nutrition of pure rich milk and choice malted grain, supplying strength and vigour, with little tax on digestion.

Requires no cooking.

Used instead of tea, coffee, or cocoa at meals, develops healthy bodies and clear brains. Equally useful to the vigorous and the weak, the business or professional man, the youth, the maid, the mother, the child, or the infant.

An efficient corrective of insomnia taken hot before retiring.

In Glass Bottles, **1/6, 2/6, 11/-**, of all Chemists and Stores.
Liberal Sample for trial free by post on request.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK COMPANY,
SLOUGH, BUCKS., ENGLAND.

HUNGRY MOTHERS AND THE RISING GENERATION.

The Winter Work of "THE DAILY GRAPHIC" Free Meal and Relief Fund commenced on November 4.

MAIN OBJECTS:—Daily Dinners for Hungry Women with Infants. Free Meals for the Deserving Poor. Milk for Nursing Mothers. Free Coal and Clothing for Destitute Families. The Saving of Homes.

SUPPORTED BY HIS MAJESTY THE KING AND HER MAJESTY QUEEN ALEXANDRA

All Donations acknowledged in the news columns of "The Daily Graphic," in which there appears daily a Free Meal coupon representing a dinner for a hungry person. Please cut it out and send to The Relief Editor, "The Daily Graphic," Tallis House, Whitefriars, E.C.

"PLASMON FOODS MAKE BONE, MUSCLE AND BRAIN."—DAVID J——, M.D.

ANALYSIS CANNOT LIE
and Analysis **proves** that

PLASMON COCOA

is TEN TIMES more nutritious
than ordinary cocoa.—*Vide Lancet.*

Cocoa in Perfection, 9d., 1/4, 2/6.
SUPPLIED TO THE ROYAL FAMILY.

SPECIAL OFFER.—An **ART METAL BOX,** containing a packet of Plasmon, Plasmon Cocoa, Plasmon Oats, Plasmon Biscuits, Plasmon Custard, Plasmon Tea, and Plasmon Chocolate, together with an illustrated Cookery Book, and Book, "Diet and Exercise for Training," by C. B. Fry, will be sent for **1/-** post free, by PLASMON, Ltd. (Dept. 206), Farringdon Street, London.

The Editor's Box

"Nicely Thanks"

To those who want to enjoy a hearty laugh and at the same time to hear some really good singing, "Nicely Thanks"—an entertainment of the Pierrot type produced by Mr. Louis Meyer at the Strand Theatre every afternoon—can be cordially recommended. In a sufficiently varied programme there is not a single dull "turn," and from a company of such pleasing songsters and songstresses it would be invidious to single out any one for especial praise. The burlesque of the typical country village choral society with which the entertainment concludes is, perhaps, the tit-bit of the afternoon. It is an excellent piece of fooling.

Despite the Weather

Notwithstanding the wet season, which affected the whole of Europe as well as the British Isles, the number of passengers carried in 1912 between the various English ports and the Continent created a record. The Dover-Ostend route was as popular as ever, and the accommodation provided by the Belgium State Railway and Mail Packet Services made travelling in Belgium one long round of pleasure.

For Throat Troubles

During cold, damp, and changeable weather affections of the throat are prevalent in a marked degree. It is not generally known that much discomfort can be avoided by the use of a pastille which is at once efficient, harmless, and delicious to the taste. The "Allenburys" Glycerine and Black Currant Pastilles supply the desired want in a supreme manner. These pastilles are prepared by a special process from the purest glycerine and fresh black currant fruit juice. They dissolve slowly and uniformly in the mouth, yielding a pleasant demulcent solution, which soothes the throat and air passages and keeps them clear and healthy.

Snapped at Monte

From left to right: The Hon. T. C. Agar-Robartes, M.P., Mr. Clement Hobson, Sir Joseph Tichborne, and Mr. Maurice Wingfield leaving Ciro's Restaurant, Monte Carlo

A Clever Modeller

The thirteen-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Bart Kennedy, at the invitation of Harbutt's Plasticine Co., is modelling for them at their stall at the Children's Welfare Exhibition, which was opened by Mrs. Winston Churchill at Olympia on December 31. Master Kennedy models beautifully, despite the fact that he has never had a lesson in his life.

Diaries

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The Menu: SOME NOVEL SWEET DISHES FOR A NEW YEAR'S PARTY

Jellied Fruit Macédoine

Mask the inside of a fluted jelly mould with wine jelly and decorate the bottom with halves of glacé cherries, grapes, slices of bananas, or any other fruit. Cover this with more jelly, and when set, or nearly so, put in another layer of fruit, such as peeled and sliced bananas, orange or tangerine sections (the pips having been previously removed), white and black grapes, from which the seeds have been removed. Cover each layer of fruit with jelly, and continue this until the mould is completely filled. Put the mould on ice; when quite set, dip in tepid water for a few seconds, and unmould the shape on to a cold dish. Fill the centre with stiffly and slightly sweetened cream, and serve.

Compôte of Oranges

Peel the required number of oranges, removing as much as possible of the white skin from the fruit. Divide each orange into sections, and remove the pips with a small knife or prong of a fork. Next prepare a syrup by boiling up a pound of loaf sugar with half a pint of water, adding some of the orange rind to flavour. Remove the scum as it boils, and reduce until the required consistency of syrup is obtained. Pour the boiling syrup over the oranges cover, and let them cook gently for a few minutes only, so as not to break the fruit. The fruit is ready for serving when quite cold. Dish up the oranges in sections, and garnish tastefully with glacé cherries, angelica, and strips of almond or pistachio nuts.

Parisian Apples

Peel some good cooking apples, and stew them in a thick red syrup, taking care to remove them as soon as they are tender and transparent, but they must be kept whole. When they are cold, carefully remove the cores and a small portion of the middle, so as to make a fairly large hollow in each. Let the syrup in which the apples were stewed boil quickly for a few minutes, then add a tablespoonful or two of strawberry jam and some isinglass (in the proportion of ½oz. to a pint of syrup), and on taking the syrup from the stove add a little liqueur, and when it has cooled sufficiently glaze the apples with it. Before the glaze sets scatter some chopped pistachio nuts over the apples, and just before sending to table fill them with strawberry cream ice.

Chestnut Cream

Boil about twenty chestnuts in a pint of milk and a gill of water. When tender, skin and pound them. Put 4oz. of sugar in a small saucepan with half a teacupful of water. Boil it till it is a syrup. Then pour it over the chestnuts and pound all to a smooth paste. Whip up half a pint of cream and place in the centre of a glass dish. Place a coarse wire sieve over it, and rub the pounded chestnuts through it on to the cream, keeping it high in the centre. Garnish with cherries or crystallised violets.

Orange Soufflé

Take as many oranges as you require for the dish. Wipe the oranges and rasp off all the rind on the lump sugar. Pound this and mix with it one well-beaten white of an egg to each 2oz. of sugar. Mix until like icing. Divide the oranges into quarters, dip them in sherry, then in castor sugar. Pile them high in the centre of the dish, and pour the icing over. Decorate with a few cherries, and put a few ratafia biscuits round.

Melon Ice

One gill of cream, one melon, 4oz. of sugar. Cut off the top of the melon so as to make a lid. Scoop out as much pulp as the weight of the cream. Put this through a wire sieve. Mix with the sugar, add the whipped cream, and mix all thoroughly. Freeze, and replace in the melon, putting on the lid with a silver skewer through it, so that it is easy to remove. Hand wafer biscuits with the melon ice.

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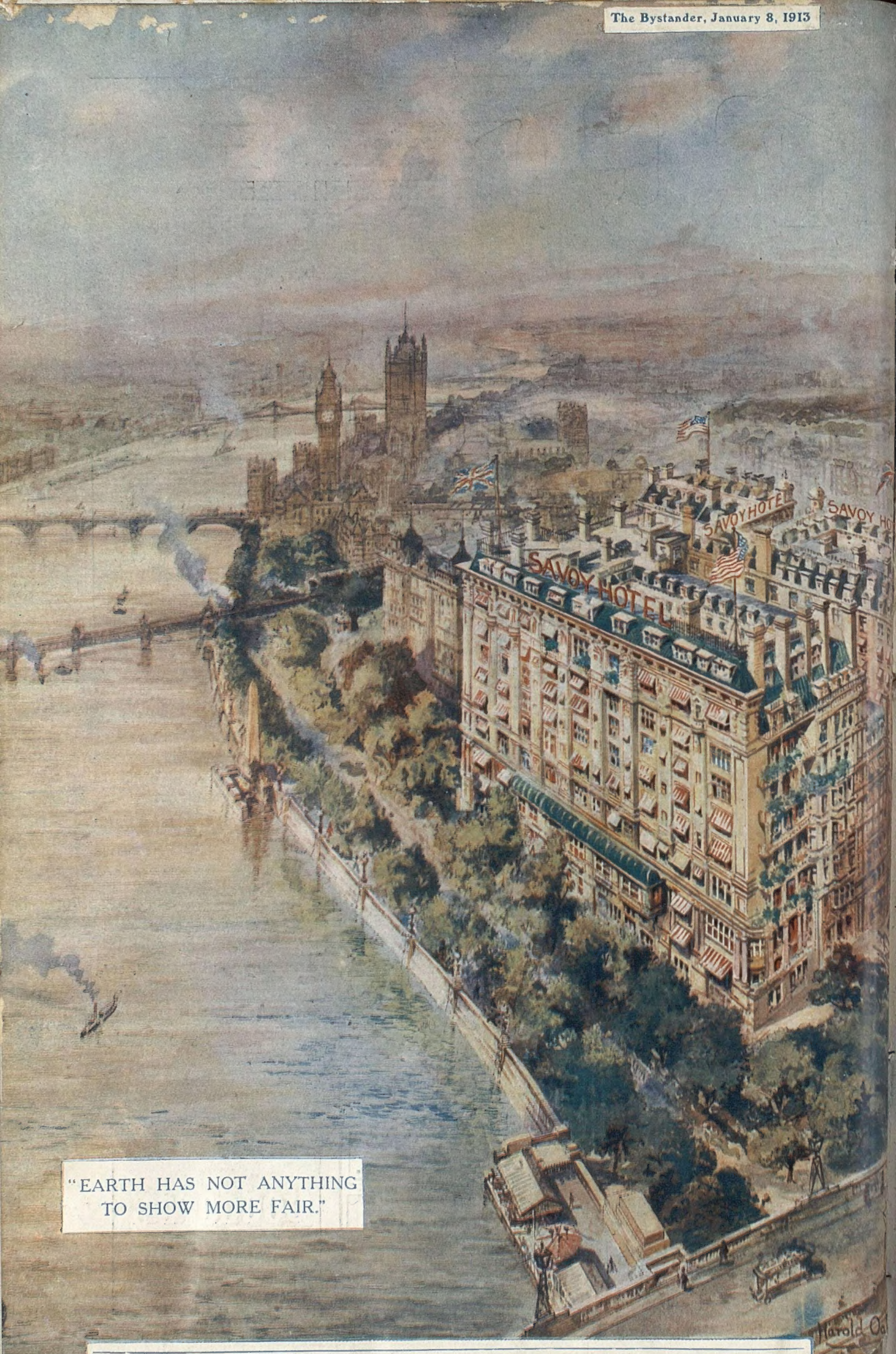

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